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### MISCELLANEOUS.

—673—

#### English Papers.

London, Monday, June 3, 1822.—There are certain states of the human body, when it has been exhausted by a long fatigue or continued anxiety, in which it is apt to become the victim of quacks, just because the regular physician cannot see, and therefore will not prescribe any thing but time and proper regimen. Freed alike from regular disease and the regular doctor, there is no nostrum which the poor patient will not swallow, and no price which he will not pay; and if some external circumstance does not operate a change in him, the chance is that he shall ultimately expire in all the horrors of one who has been for six months under the operation of slow but sure poison. There are such states of the body politic; and there are strong indications that Britain is in one of them at the present moment. She has been gallanted and paraded about, till her nerves have become unstrung and her spirits exhausted. The masters of the ceremonies have, for the last forty years, caused her to racket at all manner of places. She has played the Almè on the banks of the Nile and Ganges, waltzed by the Danube, the Rhine, and the Neva; figured in abundance of quadrilles on the Seine and the Dyle, and performed fandangos and sarabands on the Tagus and the Ebro. All this in addition to heavy and fatiguing country dances in England, and a few smart bouts at the hayes in Ireland, have brought down the power and pride of the erewhile bold and bounding dame, and laid her panting on her couch, the victim of blue devils and quacks.

These (we mean the quacks and not the devils) have come to her in succession, but as none of them have done much good, they are all discharged by turns: but they are discharged only to make room for quacks and nostrums equally impudent and inutile.

Last in the file of quackeries, stand the millennial squares of Robert Owen, Esq. which are to carry the ratios and measures of the geometer into the business of life, and reduce vice and virtue to a sort of *determinate affected quadratics*. We know not whether the birth of this *quadrangular* reform, shall be accompanied by as many omens as was the birth of the projector's great prototype Owen Glendower; but we do suspect that the gentle Owen will find as much difficulty in curing the vice and misery of mankind by his plan, as Glendower found in calling "spirits from the vasty deep." There is no man of any ordinary powers of imagination but could body you forth a scheme for the renovation of human kind, which would look delightfully till once it came to be tried; nay, we question not that there are a hundred ways by which a great appearance of regularity and virtue, and even a good deal of these in reality might be imparted to the labourers at any one particular manufactory. The very bad ones might be dismissed; great care could be taken in the selection of fresh importations; and what of vice remained (and no society can be altogether without it) could be hidden in corners. All this might be done and done in the most beautiful and systematic manner, just as it is at New Lanark; but still we question whether the thing would be of the smallest use to society generally. Nay we make bold to predict that, in spite of all the philanthropy, all the names, all the speeches, and all the subscriptions which are about this society, it must ultimately come to nought; and be rated as a thing inferior to the Arendia and the Atalantis.

Doubtless it is flattering to believe, that we could manage matters better than others. It is very natural for the good and wise men, who are giving their time and their money for the furtherance of Mr. Owen's scheme, to imagine that they can become renovators of the world. We wonder not that they hope thus fondly; for the unction which they thereby lay to their souls is about as flattering as human hands can apply. We, however, who are to have no share whatever in the honour, may be excused from taking our portion of the duper; and we assert at once, daring contradiction, that the plan is, for all general purposes, inutile and inept. As such we are sorry that it should find even a single abettor, at a time when the state of the country forbids that a single iota of talent, or shilling of capital should be wasted. Mr. Owen's establishment at New Lanark may do well: but he it remembered that it is his *private* concern, and involves his *private* property; and unless each of the new parallelograms shall be the private concern of some master, and conducted with a view to his private emolument, we are to learn the possibility that it can do any good. In its substance, it is therefore a mathematical and gentlemanlike sort of negro-driving,—an introduction of systematic slavery. No matter for the name—no matter for the absence of the lash and the manacle,—it is the invisible fetter—the mental scourge—the consciousness that we manage not our own matters, which constitutes the gall of slavery; and as the *parallelogrammation* (the operation should have an exclusive name) of mankind, goes with a more invidious scrutiny into the private matters of men, than even the negro slavery, we cannot see how its effect upon the mind should not be equally baneful. When the hours of toil are numbered, and when the sabbath comes round, the negro-driver hangs up his lash, and the negro gets him away to be for a little while king of his *own* cabin, and carver of his *own* cocoa-nut shells; but the tenant of the parallelogram has no home, and no property which he can call his own. He dares not educate his children, or in the fondest acceptance of the term, call them his: he is a mere trundling wheel in the heavy and complicated and soulless machine. That man should become this at the hand of man, would be more than human nature could bear. We know not how the plan might succeed under the guidance of angels; but we feel confident that there is nothing on or under this earth, that could conduct it to an bearable result.

The fate of Mr. Scarlett's Bill is an appalling illustration of the extreme difficulty of reforming inveterate abuse. The Poor Laws create the most partial and oppressive of public burdens, and occasion infinite evils to the objects of their interposition; yet to their amelioration are opposed the prejudices of many, the humanity of more, and the clamours of the multitude. It is remarkable, that shallow unprincipled demagogues have always manifested peculiar zeal for the Poor Laws, and unbounded acrimony against all who would reform them. This cannot indeed be charged as inconsistency, because the noisiest champions of the poor are always their worst enemies. It may be clearly demonstrated, that the Poor Laws are essentially and necessarily hostile to public liberty. The shallow pretext, that the poor have a right to eleemosynary relief, because the pressure of taxation has thrust them from the position in which they could maintain themselves, is scarcely worthy of refutation. If taxation has had such a disastrous effect, and that it has a tendency of

that sort is undeniable, let taxation be reformed. But to contend that any class of persons have without the authority of Parliament, a right to compensation, from their neighbours, for taxes exacted by the Acts of the Legislature, is a palpable absurdity; it is like Mr. Cobbett's claim of exemption from the obligation of private debts, because the Parliament suspended the Habeas Corpus Act. If taxation presses too heavily, let it be diminished, but let not its pressure be removed from one class by transferring its part of it to another class with additions. But the principle of the poor laws is essentially hostile to liberty, inasmuch as it invades the property of one and takes it away without his consent, and still more as it pensions, bribes, hires dependants, abject persons, slaves. It is a remark as old as Homer, and as true as invariable experience; that "he who loses his liberty loses half his virtue." The inmates of a poor-house are, therefore, deprived of liberty, and degraded in character. The dangers which often embroiled Republican Rome, and the ruin which at length overwhelmed her, can be distinctly traced to multitudes being dependent upon the bounty of others for their food. Justice, strict justice, is the only foundation of freedom. The advantages of a free community must all be reciprocal. He who gives of mere bounty so far acts the despot; and he who receives as mere bounty, so far acts the slave. It is of great importance, in the further investigation of the evils and remedies of the system, which we propose to attempt, that this principle be kept in view. If the principle be essentially hostile to liberty, its results must all partake of the baneful character. If the tree be corrupt, the fruit also must be corrupt.—*True Briton*.

**Salt Duty.**—When the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER first opened his plan for the reduction of taxes, we drew attention to the extreme inconvenience of the retention of the 2s. Salt Duty. The fact must not be lost sight of, that on some important branches of industry this is a new tax imposed, and among those on which this new impost falls, is one than which, if the whole kingdom be searched, there is not one less able to bear a new tax—the Pilchard Fishery of Cornwall, which, from the failure of several past seasons, is in a lamentable state of depression. Hitherto foreign salt has been allowed for the fisheries at a duty of 3d. per bushel; home salt duty free. But now in point of fact, the pilchard fishers will have to pay a duty on their salt higher than that paid by consumers at large.—The only salt fit for their purpose is the foreign bay salt, which has to pay, under the new regulations, a duty of 2s. 3d. The WEST BRITON (Cornwall paper) on this subject observes—"It is well known that foreign salt alone can be advantageously used for curing pilchards—the staple branch of fishery in this county; pit-salt gives the fish a rusty colour, which renders it unsaleable in foreign markets, where it has to compete with the pilchards of Spain. This fishery must, therefore, be entirely abandoned, as a branch of commerce, or foreign salt must be used. Under the regulations proposed by Ministers, the salt necessary for curing pilchards will be subject to a duty of 2s. 3d. a bushel, whilst that used for all other purposes will be liable to a duty of two shillings only; and as it requires about five bushels of salt to a cure a hogshead of fish, the proposed remission of the Salt Tax to the country, generally will be accompanied by an additional duty of ten shillings a hogshead on all pilchards cured for exportation. In the present depressed state of that fishery, which has, in a great degree, failed for several successive years, this new tax will amount to a total prohibition; and the proposed Bill may be most truly entitled, "An Act for repealing a certain portion of the Duty on Salt, and for annihilating the Pilchard Fishery of Cornwall."—Immediate measures should be taken to represent to Parliament the great amount of property which must be sacrificed, and the inevitable ruin in which hundreds of industrious fishermen and their families will be involved."

The facts mentioned in this quotation we can vouch for, and they are indeed matters of melancholy notoriety. The expenses of the fishing *trains*—the number of hogsheads they have saved—and the prices at which the sales are effected, are easily ascertained, and will show that there has been a large annual loss on this branch of trade for several years. Capital will, of course, be

gradually withdrawn from this uncertain and unprofitable occupation, but it is at once absurd and cruel to impose a tax, which will at once crush in ruin all the persons who are involved in it, especially as it forms one of the feeders of our naval strength. We cannot speak with the same degree of certainty to the state of the other branches of industry affected by this new tax; but they have all just reason to complain.—The injustice of an imposition of new taxes on any branch of industry, at this moment is so great, the advantage of putting an end to the whole of a tax, and with it to the whole charge of management, is so manifest, the sum which can be drawn from 2s. duty is at any rate so small that we know not of any stronger case than that which is made out for the entire repeal of the Salt Duty.—*Traveller*.

**Royal Fete.**—The higher circles are, at this moment, in a state of immense excitement. It is now understood that the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, as Manager of the Fete at the Opera House, for the relief of the Irish, received the commands of his MAJESTY to set apart a box for the Royal Family, and to inform the Duke and Duchess of GLOUCESTER, the Princess SOPHIA of GLOUCESTER, and the Duke of SUSSEX, that there would be no place for them in the same. Upon this intimation, the Royal Personages in question, of course, did not appear: and hence an absence which created no small surprise.

Whether the foregoing instance of Royal displeasure be correctly accounted for in the following paragraph, which appeared in a Ministerial Evening Paper some days ago, we know not. If so, it will bring our Court more into the style and manner of that of LOUIS XV. of France, than was ever the case in any English Court since the reign of that very respectable Monarch, King CHARLES II. The paragraph to which we allude, runs as follows:—

"There has, it seems, been an important feud in the higher circles respecting a magnificent ball, which has excited the most anxious expectation of the fashionable world. According to report, the selection of visitors was left to two ladies of distinguished rank, who, in their invitation list, had omitted the name of a certain Marchioness, who has been the subject of much comment. This omission, it is said, gave such offence to the great character who was to be the Patron of the Ball, that he therefore made a new list, in which the aforesaid Marchioness was enrolled, and the other two ladies excluded."

We by no means vouch for the correctness of the foregoing report; for, to say the truth, these are matters upon which we do not violently interest ourselves; but, if true, of course the parallel with the event we have named will run still closer. Any offence to the Marchioness of POMPADOUR would not only have deprived a French Prince of the Blood of a seat in a Royal box, but would have sent him to his country-seat—a perfection to which we have not yet arrived. The salutary consequence in France was that the French Princes of the Blood became the most accommodating persons imaginable to royal favourites, whose toilettes they attended in common with Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, who then assembled with the most amicable condescension—a creditable and felicitous state of things, which, in the plenitude of Ultra Toryism, may sooner or later be brought about in Great Britain. If the above noticed report be not correct, we are only to wonder how political displeasure can extend to a sister and a female cousin-german. What a delicious unravelment of this piece of secret history will appear in this paper of some future HORACE WALPOLE!

We refer to a letter from Mr. BELZONI, for another curious transaction, which marked the foregoing eventful night. We have understood that the vindication of Sir RICHARD BIRNIE will rest upon a very belligerent spirit of resistance manifested by the athletic traveller to the "King's own Representatives," the Officers of Bow-street, when they first assailed him.—*Traveller*, June 3.

**Liverpool Mercury.**—Since the arrival of Messrs. Marshall's new peristrophe Panorama of St. Helena, and wreck of the MEDUSA French frigate, the large room, King's Arms, Cook-street, has become a place of most crowded and fashionable resort. Indeed, we are not surprised at the popularity of this



exhibition, when we reflect on the ingenuity of the contrivance, the masterly execution of the artist, and the singular effect which a moving picture is calculated to produce, together with the advantage of a fine band, which adds to the dignity of the scene, and affords a novelty and grandeur to the exhibition, exceeding any thing of the kind ever before witnessed in this town. We perceive it continues open only for a very short period.

We understand that Lieutenant Robert Shalmerdine Gibson, who commanded his Majesty's schooner *ALBAN*, so well known on this station, has been appointed to the *CAMBRIA*, steam-packet, between this port and Bagitt.

On Tuesday se'nnight, the Liverpool Musical Society had their Sixth Quarterly Rehearsal, at St. John's Church, before a crowded and respectable audience. The Selection was from Handel's celebrated Oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*, the choruses of which were executed in a very masterly style.

"The barracks at Arundel, recently sold by auction, fetched three thousand pounds, and were considered well sold. Their original cost was little short of one hundred thousand pounds!"—It was but lately that our worthy and indefatigable magistrate, Colonel Williams, relieved, by his exertions, this county from an enormous impost for the erection of barracks, in the prosecution of which purpose of protection from an illegal, senseless, and profuse expenditure of the public money, he paid a very considerable sum from his private purse, for which no remuneration has yet been made to him. Does not the above amply demonstrate the justice and sound views of that patriotic individual? Failed in their wishes to war against the peace of Europe, or against the pockets of their county brethren, we see no purpose to which these edifices can be converted by their projectors, save to storehouses for the pawning of corn, should ministers again have the effrontery to push forward and succeed in that plan of raising the price of food to the yet scarcely-fed mechanic and artisan.

*Mr. Grattan.*—Writing of Ireland in 1798, Mr. Grattan observes, "In order to judge of the cruelties committed on the lower orders, we should suppose the same committed on those in the higher rank of life, let us suppose a Lord Lieutenant picketted; Lords of the Council put to the torture; Members of the two houses sent to the Fleet; their children hung up to extort confession; their daughters ravished—and a bill of indemnity passed for the perpetrators of all this! What would be his Majesty's feelings on such an occasion? Exactly such as are now the feelings of his Irish subjects."—"His Majesty's soldiers have practised on the Irish what would disgrace a savage; his Irish subjects have been put to the torture"—(at whose instigation, my Lord Londonderry?)—"and we add, the Irish may be tortured, but they will not be enslaved. His Majesty's Ministers complain of assassinations: his subjects complain of assassinations: we are ready to enter into the history of blood; and for every drop which his Ministers can charge to the account of his people, we can charge to their account a deluge: we can add violations of women, with circumstances of barbarity, at which the modesty of human nature shrinks."

*Prison Discipline.*—The following recorded opinion will be read with satisfaction, and we trust will have its due weight:—"House of Correction, Coldbath Fields, April 23.—It is the opinion of the Grand Jury, who have this day inspected the prison, that it is in every respect, in point of cleanliness, and in regard to attention and civility on the part of the Officers there, as worthy of the highest admiration and praise—but the Grand Jury respectfully submit, that the general allowance—viz. one pound of bread and one pint of gruel per day each prisoner, is scarcely sufficient for human subsistence."

*Pavilion.*—Great efforts are making to finish the improvements in progress at the Pavilion. The artists, &c. work extra time. The preparations, we understand, are in that advanced state, that, at a fortnight's notice, it would be possible to put the apartments in a state fit for the reception of Royalty. It is not likely, however, that His Majesty will visit us at quite so early a period.—*Brighton Herald*.

A report is afloat that the courtesy of the Crown will be graciously extended to the consorts of Bishops, so as to permit them to participate in the temporal dignities of their spiritual Lords; and thus will be removed from among the anomalies of some of our institutions, one which gives an awkward irregularity to an elevated portion of our social order; for it is a great incongruity not to suffer the spouses of spiritual Peers to repose upon the same proud pedestal of rank which sustains the Ladies of lay Nobles.—*Dublin Correspondent*.

On Saturday, the 25th of May, at the Hotel of the British Ambassador at Paris, by his Excellency's domestic Chaplain, was married, John Alexander Hunter, Esq. of Lancaster, and of Harwich in Lincolnshire, to Patricia, daughter of Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland.

On Friday, (May 31.) the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester gave a grand dinner to the Prince and Princess of Denmark, and the Prince Frederick of Holstein, who has lately arrived in England. The party consisted of 25 distinguished characters. There was also a numerous distinguished party to meet the royal illustrious strangers, amounting to about 120. The Dukes of York and Sussex were invited, but did not attend: we understand the cause was, the former was so much engaged in giving direction and making arrangements for the review to take place on Saturday; the latter (Duke of Sussex) was prevented by indisposition. The Duchess of Kent, the Princess Augusta, and the Princess Sophia Matilda were present.

Yesterday forenoon, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Denmark, visited the Earl of Liverpool, at Fife House; and proceeded, accompanied by the Noble Earl, to Whitehall Chapel, where they attended Divine Service. After which, the Royal Personages returned to Fife-house with the Noble Earl, where they partook of an elegant cold collation, prepared on the occasion. Afterwards their Royal Highnesses, attended by their Chamberlain and Lady in waiting, proceeded to Sir Thomas Lawrence's house, in Russell-square, where they inspected the whole of Sir Thomas's paintings.

There were not thirty persons at the Ball on Friday night, (May 31.) which followed the grand Fete, and consequently the performers did not sing to empty benches.—*Traveller*.

*Penance of a Faquir.*—In the *RUHE D'AQUITAINE* of the 10th of June, we find the following extract from the *JOURNAL DES VOYAGES*, which we do not recollect to have seen in any Indian Paper.

*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Fisher, Missionary at Meerut in Hindoostan, dated May 4, 1820.*

"Last Sunday my three sons saw near Hurdwar, a Faquir, preparing himself for something extraordinary. He was surrounded by many Hindoo Pilgrims, who assisted him in the horrible project he had formed of expiating a crime which he had committed a long time ago. His friends adored him, in the literal sense of the word; kissed his feet, called him God, and implored his blessing. A large fire was kindled under the branch of an old tree, to which the Faquir tied two strong ropes with a running knot, into which he slipped his feet: thus suspended, the head downwards, over the fire, a third cord was fastened towards the end of the branch, by means of which he could with one hand swing himself backwards and forwards across the smoke and flame, whilst with the other hand he counted beads strung on a thread, in order to make sure of the period of four hours, during which he had imposed upon himself to perform this penance daily for twelve years, about nine of which were already past. A tight bandage covered his eyes, and another his mouth, to prevent him from being suffocated by the smoke. By this practice he expected (he said) to expiate his sins, and become a saint for ever. During the last half hour he holds himself in an upright position and swings in a circle around the fire, and at last he rolls in the hot ashes.—*Hurdwar*.

# School in Russia.

## ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY AT HOMEL IN RUSSIA.

(From the Inquirer.)

The establishment of this institution for the ignorant and destitute children of the peasantry at Homel, in the government of Mogileff was one of those experiments which are considered as merely visionary schemes until experience has placed their practicability beyond a doubt.

On the first introduction of the British system of education into Russia, Mr. Heard, an intelligent school master was sent out from England; but arriving at Homel\*, the estate of Count Romanzoff, where the first school was to be established, an unforeseen obstacle presented itself: not more than thirty or forty boys could be collected in one village, and the villages were so distant from each other, as entirely to preclude the possibility of the children of one village attending the school of another. Count Romanzoff being informed that the advantages of the new system would not be conspicuous in a school of forty boys, and that two hundred would be necessary to display it to advantage, was quite at a loss how they were to be collected; and this circumstance seemed for a while to becloud Mr. Heard's prospects of success. Having, in his journeys through the different villages of the Count's estate, observed a number of children miserably ragged and dirty, begging from door to door, and being informed that they were orphans, who had no means of support but by soliciting charity, he conceived the benevolent plan of rescuing these poor little creatures from misery, ignorance, and vice, by the establishment of a school of industry, in which they might, by their own labour, contribute something towards their support. This plan was objected to by many, as being impracticable: the chief objection urged was, that the children, being accustomed to a life of vagrant idleness, could never be brought to contribute, in any material degree, towards their own support. But, fortunately, the two principal persons of the place were of a different opinion, and upon a proper statement being made to Count Romanzoff and General Derabin, it was resolved to erect a large building for the accommodation of the boys; and to inclose a considerable piece of land for a kitchen-garden, in which they were to labour during the summer season. The erection of the building necessarily occupied a considerable time, but the count granted Mr. Heard the use of the right wing of his own house, and he soon collected fifty boys from the villages: the barbarous rudeness of their manners corresponded with their miserable appearance; the generality of them had long filthy hair swarming with vermin; dirty faces, and tattered garments which scarcely covered their nakedness; no shoes, no stockings; their looks were expressive of hunger and misery. Such were they, and such would they have continued to be: accustomed to a wandering, idle, vicious life, and quite unfit to fill any useful station, they would have turned out pests to society, had they not thus been rescued from the abyss of misery by the benevolence of their noble master, who raised these miserable orphans to habits of industry, virtue, and happiness. About a fortnight afterwards, they were all neatly clothed, and on the 9th of December, 1818, the school was publicly opened; and consecrated according to the rites of the Greek church. The ragged little beggars were now metamorphosed into clean orderly scholars, who seemed to pride themselves not a little in their improved appearance. They had all by this time learned the alphabet, and some to write upon slates, and they performed the evolutions of the system to the admiration of the spectators, who began to be convinced that peasants, though slaves, are human beings. Mr. Heard's chief object in taking these fifty boys under instruction before the school-room was built, was to prepare them to act as monitors, and the rapidity with which they learned was truly astonishing. Their excessive natural stupidity had been urged as a reason for not attempting to instruct them; but it now appeared that human nature is the same in every country and in all classes, and that the difference which we observe between the highly polished inhabitants of France, England, and other countries of Europe, and the barbarian, arises principally from education, habit, and example. Order was soon introduced into the new institution, and the children arranged into different classes of labour according to their age and strength; the eldest of the boys were appointed to be carpenters, shoemakers, or smiths, according to their own choice, while some of the younger and more feeble were employed in splitting the bark of the linden tree, others in plaiting it into shoes; some plaiting straw for hats; others preparing willows for making baskets, and some had learned to make fishing-nets. The hour of assem-

bling in school during summer was seven in the morning, and they came out again at ten; three hours in the day being amply sufficient to teach them reading, writing, and the four first rules of arithmetic, in two years: from ten to eleven they were allowed to play; at eleven the dinner-bell rung, and they proceeded two-and-two to the dining-room, where grace was distinctly pronounced by the monitor of the day, whose duty it was to read to his companions, while eating their dinners, a portion of the holy scriptures. At twelve o'clock they arranged themselves in classes according to their employments, and proceeded to their different masters to work, from which they generally returned about eight in the evening, at nine they supped, and immediately after supper their names were called over by the monitor-general, and those absent marked down for inquiry the following day. This being done, and the Evening Hymn sung by them, they retired to rest. Eight months after the opening of the school, more than sixty children went in procession to their benefactor, Count Romanzoff, dressed in clothes and shoes of their own making. His Excellency, on this occasion, ordered them a better dinner than usual, and promised to partake of it with them; which promise he fulfilled, to the inexpressible pleasure of the poor children. From this time, the institution continued to prosper, and even those who had opposed joined in praising it; the children made rapid progress both in learning and their trades, and became cheerful, obliging, and industrious.

A strict observance of the sabbath was not forgotten in the institution, and that part of the day not spent in church was appropriated to reading extracts from the holy scriptures.

By means of the school, at Homel, the British system of education spread to Poland, where hitherto the strongest prejudices had existed against instructing the peasantry. Mr. Radovitch, a young man of an amiable disposition, was sent by the university of Vilno to study the system, which he did with the greatest assiduity; and soon after his return, three schools were established for the poor, upon this plan; and, according to the last accounts from thence they were actively employed in the establishment of more.

In April 1821, the school at Homel being completely established, and a plan laid down for extending the means of instruction to all the villages of the count's estate, Mr. Heard left Homel to return to England; and in giving this interesting narrative he adds, "Never shall I forget the artless demonstrations of sorrow and affection which were manifested by the children at my departure. The little fellows waited more than two hours in the court before the school, to bid me farewell; and not a few shed tears, and followed me with their eyes until I was quite out of sight. O, may He who careth for the poor and the fatherless continue his protection over these poor orphans, and incline the heart of their master and benefactor to persevere in the good work which he has begun, until the amelioration in the condition and morals of the peasantry shall prove the advantages of an industrious and moral education!"

## Shipping.

**Weymouth, May 31.**—Passed by the Honorable East India Company's ship *WINDSOR*, from China; having sailed previous to the *FARQUHARSON*, she brings nothing new. The Purser landed, and proceeded immediately to the Custom House, and set off for London. Passed by also, the free trader *SARAH*, from Bombay: she sailed the 15th January. Several passengers from the above ships landed and proceeded to the Crown Tavern.

**Plymouth, May 30.**—With a view to a diminution of the great public expense attending the making the island of Bermuda a safe and convenient naval port, it is intended to employ about 300 convicts in carrying on the labourers' work. The *COROMANDEL* and *TORTOISE* (store ships) are to be fitted at this port, for their conveyance thither; the former to remain and lie at the island as a depot for them, during the execution of the works. Bermuda is considered as an essential station for our ships on the coast of North America and the West-India stations, during any war with America.

**Great Dispatch and Rapid Sailing.**—It is worthy of remark, that the packet ship *JAMES MONROE*, Captain Lee, which arrived at New York on Thursday, has been absent only 72 days, 31 of which she lay in in the port of Liverpool. She made her passage out in 18 days, and returned to that port in 28 days, making 41 days that she was at sea, going and coming. A passenger who came home in her had been absent from New York only 49 days and transacted important business in London.—*New York Evening Post*, April 16.

The *SUPERR*, of 74 guns, Captain Mackenzie, just returned from South America, is ordered to be paid off at Plymouth.

The *ESPIEGLE*, of 18 guns, Captain H. T. B. Collier, is fitting at Portsmouth for the West Indies.

The *CYRENE* sloop of War, Captain Grace, sails directly from Plymouth for the coast of Africa.

\* There are 17,000 male peasants on this estate, one town, and between eighty and ninety villages.

† General Derabin, a gentleman of eminent talents and liberal sentiments, had the entire management of the estate, the count being too infirm to take an active part. The general had been in England, and spoke English well.



# PUBLIC MEETING.

—677—

## Middlesex Election.

Thursday being the anniversary of the period at which Mr. G. Byng and Mr. C. Whitbread were returned to serve as Members in Parliament for the county of Middlesex, a meeting of freeholders was held at the Mermaid Tavern, Hackney, with the view of celebrating it by a public dinner.

Before 5 o'clock a very considerable number of persons had assembled, and by general consent Mr. S. Lefevre, jun. took the chair. A band of music continued to play throughout the evening.

The first toast, as soon as the cloth was removed, was

"The King, and may he never forget the principles which seated his family on the Throne," which was drank with three times three, and every other indication of fervent applause.

The next in order of succession were—

"The Duke of York, and the rest of the Royal Family."

"The Navy and Army," each of which was hailed with equal enthusiasm.

The CHAIRMAN (Mr. C. S. Lefevre, jun.) then rose, for the purpose as he intimated at the outset, of proposing to the society whom he had the honour to address, a toast immediately connected with the object of their meeting, and which he felt confident would be acceptable to them all. He might have justly deemed some apology needful on his part for the intrusion which he had committed in accepting a toast, the duties of which ought to be discharged by one far more competent to that function than himself; but having already experienced their indulgence three times, they had emboldened him to step again forward on the present occasion (*loud cheers*.) It was unnecessary to remind them, that they were met together to commemorate the result of that glorious struggle which they had maintained at the last general election, and that had terminated in the return to Parliament of those two gentlemen whom they had all now the happiness to behold. (*applause*.) Well might they remember such an event; ample reason had they to give expression to their triumph, for triumph it might be fairly called, in which they had succeeded in sending to the House of Commons two genuine representatives of the people! Prior to that auspicious effort, however ardent their exertions, however generous their sacrifices, or large the number of their votes, an influence did predominate which neutralized them all, and left that great county without any voice in the councils of the nation. From this state of political degradation they had at length emerged, though he was himself well aware, and it would become them all not to forget, that in the breasts of their opponents might be still found to lurk a spirit of intrigue, which only waited for the opportunity of manifesting itself, and which would demand all their steadiness and perseverance effectually to resist. (*loud applause*.) These were certainly not times in which the public feelings of Englishmen ought to slumber. Seldom had there occurred a period in our history when the character of the people stood more in need of vindication. Twice had the blood of their fellow-countrymen been shed by the interference of the military without atonement or compensation—at Manchester, and yet more recently at the funeral of our unhappy Queen, when the gallantry of the Honourable Member for Southwark (Sir R. Wilson) perhaps alone averted a still more dismal conclusion. Since he entered that room, he had been informed of the verdict just given at Lancaster in the trial which involved in some degree the question of the Manchester outrage; and that verdict he found was for the defendants. All that he should observe upon this was that although the verdict might prove that the yeomanry acted, on the memorable 16th of August, under the direction of the magistrates, it could form no exculpation of those magistrates themselves; still less any excuse for that precipitous zeal with which Government thought proper to signify its approval: and least of all furnish any defence of the House of Commons for founding its judgment on *ex parte* statements. (*applause*.) The proposition, or indeed the fact, that the meeting at Manchester consisted of a peaceable and unoffending assemblage of individuals, was still placed beyond dispute. But he might perhaps ask, what was to be expected from a Government, composed as our own now was of men already linked with foreign despots, and who would as readily vote away the liberties of their fellow-subjects, as they would any branch of the civil list—a Government whose members not only adopted and carried to its utmost extent the system of corruption, but had even openly and shamelessly avowed it? Had they not likewise proved the indifference with which they regarded all popular rights, and every political principle that was not essential to the maintenance of their own power, by rejecting, in numerous instances, the petitions of the people? The ground of this rejection was, that the language of the petitioners was improper; and, in some cases, language had perhaps been used, which it would have been as well to have omitted or suppressed. But it would also have become the House of Commons to take into its consideration, as was suggested to it by several members, in what circumstances the petitioners were placed—that they beheld their wives and children perish-

ing for want of food; and to have asked themselves, in the poet's language.

"Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,  
"Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man

(*applause*.) Was this, then, a House of Commons, proceeding as it had done on the points to which he alluded, which they were to be stigmatised as revolutionists and rebels for attempting to reform? Could any independent man assert that this was the conduct of persons fairly and honestly representing the sense of the British public? Before he concluded his remarks, he wished to draw their attention for a few moments to what was called the "Constitutional Association," a combination of individuals which, for the honour of the country, he trusted would not be allowed to exist much longer. (*applause*.) In the list of its names, indeed, might be seen those of many noblemen, who disgraced the virtues of their private character by such an appearance, and of many dignitaries of the church, who, he presumed, were willing to extend to those whom they prosecuted the benefit of clergy. Far was it from his disposition to defend all the publications of Carile; but in his judgment they would have sunk naturally into oblivion had they been left unassailed; and at all events, and let the quarter be what it may, he was for fair and impartial justice. (*loud cheering*.) He could perceive no charity, no Christian spirit, in accumulating the wealth of the rich, to carry on prosecutions against the poor, and those who had not the means of defending themselves. (*applause*.) It was well known that an individual in humble circumstances might, under our present system of criminal law, be ruined even by a successful defence. To come, however, to the business of their meeting, and recurring to that happy event which had given them their present representatives, it would be idle in him to eulogize the talents and virtues that distinguished them. The gentlemen who heard him knew how to appreciate them well, and would look for their useful exertion, not in any single display, but in the many important divisions, when their names were classed with those of a Burdett, a Hume, and of that small band of representatives, who had not tired of showing themselves, night after night, the faithful advocates of public liberty. He now proposed the healths of "Geo. Byng, Esq. and of C. Whitbread, Esq. members of the county of Middlesex." The toast was received with shouts of applause, and some time elapsed before Mr. Byng could obtain a hearing.

Mr. BYNG at length observed, that he rose to return his hearty thanks for the very flattering manner in which the gentleman assembled had been pleased to drink his health. Next to the satisfaction of his own conscience, the approbation of his fellow-citizens was the highest reward to which he aspired in his political conduct. That conduct had always been regulated upon the principle that the representative was sent to Parliament to serve the people of England, and not any private interests of his own. (*loud cheers*.) Actuated by this feeling, he must ever experience high satisfaction in seeing a public grievance redressed; and who could deny that the present state of our representation was the greatest of national grievances? (*applause*.) Who would assert that the Commons of England had, under the existing system, their due weight in the scale of the constitution? But it was not his intention to take up their time with reasoning on such a subject; he had only again to express his gratitude for their kindness, and to drink their health in return. (*loud cheering*.)

Mr. WHITBREAD followed, and met with a similar reception. In rising to repress his acknowledgments for the honour done him, he should were he capable of using new forms of words, not content himself with the simple and ordinary mode of signifying gratitude. But as he had not this variety of language at command, he could only assure them of the depth and sincerity of his feelings. (*applause*.) This was the third opportunity he had had since his election of meeting his constituents, and various occasions had intervened for manifesting and acting on the principles which he had undertaken to support. (*applause*.) He would now say that he repented not of one single pledge that he ever gave to the electors of Middlesex; and with regard to that all-important question, of thorough reform in parliament, he was more convinced than ever, from all that he had heard on either side, that every evil now pressing on this afflicted country might be traced to the want of a due representation of the people. (*loud cheering*.) It had been his lot, since he had the honour of a seat in the House of Commons, always to vote with one party and against another, but he never would act with any that did not make a reform in Parliament one of its leading principles. (*applause*.) Never could the system be entirely or effectually changed without that reform; and both agriculturists and manufacturers amused themselves in vain, if they expected relief from any other source. Great efforts had been made to render benefit to the country by applying a rigid economy in all departments of the state; and one gentleman, whom he had hoped to have seen there that day, had justly entitled himself to public thanks for the constancy with which he had pursued his object. Although it was impossible to bestow too much praise upon that gentleman (Mr. Hume,) and although he (Mr. Whitbread) had voted with him on almost every occasion, still he must declare that it was more with a view of exposing a corrupt system, than

from a hope of attaining any practical good. (*loud cheers.*) This must remain the case, whilst the administration was carried on upon the basis of corruption and fear, until a system of government was introduced that should indicate sympathy and affection for the governed. Glad as he should be to see any increase of public liberty, he would yet declare that he was not friendly to moderate reform; and if he did not oppose it, he must continue to regard it as he would any other distant remedy for an immediate and pressing evil. He had been not a little surprised a few days ago at finding an attack made on the freeholders of Middlesex, by an Irish Judge, in an address to the grand jury at the Carlow Assizes. The greatest of all miseries was the want of an impartial administration of justice; and the least respectable of all public characters, was, perhaps, that of a political judge. (*loud cheers.*) Yet this individual had not thought it unbecoming his situation to reflect on the people of Middlesex, and to talk of "the continued uproar which insulted the highest tribunal of justice during the trial of a late unfortunate female,"—thereby alluding to that unhappy Princess whose fate was lamented by every humane and liberal mind. This judge declared in addition, that for his own part "he thoroughly detested the intended radical reform;" a detestation which he might have spared, for if they did not know what might be done by a radical legislature, they well knew and felt of what a legitimate one was capable. (*applause.*) The learned judge, however, did in one respect seem to entertain a higher opinion of the great tribunal than it entertained of itself; for, notwithstanding its adoption of the bill in question upon that trial, by a majority of votes, it did somehow distrust its judgment too much to pass it. (*loud and continued cheers.*) He should add but one word, and that was of himself: if he had not taken a very distinct or active part in public affairs, he trusted he had done nothing to forfeit their confidence or esteem. (*loud applause.*) The instant that he should behold none other more able than himself to serve the common cause, he would step forward and exert himself to the utmost. (*loud applause.*) With this assurance, he begged leave to conclude with proposing "The health of the independent freeholders, by whose exertions the county of Middlesex had been emancipated from ministerial influence."

The next toast was, "The people, the only true source of legitimate power."

Song—"Flow, thou regal purple stream."

The CHAIRMAN then proposed to the meeting. "The health of those best friends of the people, Sir Francis Burdett, and John Cam Hobhouse, Esq." (*great applause.*)

Mr. HOBHOUSE rose amid acclamations. Of all the gentlemen who had been honoured by the notice of the meeting, none had thanked the meeting more sincerely, though some might have expressed their thanks more eloquently, than he did. It was an honour, he thought, not easily to be forgotten, that the meeting had coupled his name with the name of Sir Francis Burdett—a man who yielded to none in the present "tide of times," for devotion to a grateful, though perhaps to a sinking country. (*cheers.*) He begged, in the name of Sir Francis Burdett, to return thanks to the company: the Baronet certainly would have been with them in person, but that he was visiting his family during the recess of Parliament. Sir Francis Burdett had been long known to the country; he was known already by every act which could dignify a public man; he would be still further known, if he continued to live, by the services which he was to perform hereafter. During the short time that he (Mr. Hobhouse) had been connected with public affairs, he trusted that he had redeemed the pledge given at the commencement of his career. He hoped that he had never forgotten what was due to his constituents, to his country, or to himself. He felt that he was placed in rather an unfortunate situation, addressing the meeting after the two gentlemen who had last spoken—gentlemen who had represented the county of Middlesex long, and who had never deserted their posts in the hour of need; whose lives and conduct displayed that character which it should ever be the boast of an English gentleman to maintain. He (Mr. Hobhouse) was happy to see so many persons of consequence and respectability before him. He rejoiced to see it, because it was a most important point at the present moment that the gentry of England should in the most marked manner identify themselves with the people. (*loud cheers.*) And glad he was to see that the cause of reform was gaining supporters. Those who had refused to learn from the experience of others who had gone before them, did now begin to learn a little from experience of their own; and although tardy comers, they must be admitted as coadjutors in the great work. It was something, at least, for the reformers to have gained supporters from the ranks of their foes; it was some matter for congratulation, that among those who now remained no man was so bold as to say for the constitution "the system works well." Indeed, as an honourable colleague of his had expressed himself, the system could not work well but for those who worked ill. No man could live under it, but the man who fattened upon the distresses of his country—who rose upon the pain and upon the ruin of his fellow-creatures. (*great applause.*) Whatever, however, were the flowers of the baneful tree, its root was to be found

in parliamentary corruption. The honourable member proceeded to bear testimony to the important services of Mr. Hume in the House of Commons. The fate of that gentleman's motions had sufficiently shown that the cause of the public could not be fairly tried before the tribunal of Parliament. (*cheers.*) But the people of England perfectly understood what the country wanted. The people wanted a Government which would sympathize with them—not abuse them; a Government which would give them the fair balance of King, Lords, and Commons—not one which set up a show, a farce, a delusion, as to the Commons, Lords, and King, supporting the rotten holders of a few rotten posts and sheep-cotes—the possessors, not of ancient power, but of ancient abuse, and treating them as the true lords and governors of the nation. (*loud cheers.*) He declared that he had listened, both in parliament and out of it—he had heard taunts, sophisms, and miserable jokes from those who knew the corrupt character of the audience they were addressing; but he had never heard any thing like an argument against the principles of reform. If reform, then, was really necessary, in what manner was it to be obtained? He (Mr. Hobhouse) would never recommend to the meeting any course in opposition even to that which was called law; but he did most earnestly recommend to them a perseverance in all legal and constitutional endeavours. If they themselves did not succeed, those who came after them would reap the benefit of their endeavours. (*cheers.*) If it was impossible that so much talent, so much virtue, so much integrity, as the country possessed, could sink before an association of the meanest adventurers that had ever conspired against the rights of their fellow-subjects. (*great applause.*) If such a consummation did arrive, he should indeed say, with the ancient Roman, that virtue was but a name; but he did firmly believe, that if the advocates of reform would exert themselves—if they would only for a short time sacrifice their individual interest and happiness to the interests of their country, something might still be done for England. He begged pardon for trespassing so long upon the attention of the meeting (*applause*), but the subject was one upon which he found it impossible to contain himself. It was a common argument with the opponents of reform, that the people, if they wanted reform, should begin by reforming themselves. He (Mr. Hobhouse) certainly so far agreed with that argument, that he would recommend to every friend of liberty to be in his own private conduct, a practitioner of virtue. Let them imitate the example of those who had gone before them in that which had been called a rebellion, but which had really been a vindication of the rights and privileges of England—let them take care that their own lives afforded no ground of complaint, and they might defy the impotent malice of their opponents. The honourable gentleman concluded by quoting a passage from Thomson's poem—"Liberty."

"Unless corruption first deject the pride  
And guardian vigour of the free born soul,  
The crude attempts of violence are vain;  
For firm within, and while at heart untouched,  
Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome."

He apologized once more for having so long occupied the time of the meeting. In him the cause of liberty should ever find an advocate. If he proved a weak one, the failure was not of his good intent, but of his capacity.

Air—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

The CHAIRMAN next gave "The health of Mr. H. G. Bennet," which was drank with three times three and great applause.

Mr. BENNET expressed his thanks for their honour which had been conferred upon him. To receive the approbation of the people was, he could assure the company, in his opinion, the best reward an honest man could desire. That was the only reward he wished to obtain for any exertions that he might be able to make in the cause of the people of England. After the speeches which the meeting had that day heard, he felt at a loss to know upon what topic to address them. He found another difficulty in the circumstance of his opinions being in consonance with their own on almost every point; for he was so accustomed to meet opponents, that now he found he had only friends around him, he hardly knew what to say. He begged leave to congratulate the meeting upon the speech which had been delivered by the junior member for the county. The principles which had been advanced in that speech, and the accents of the voice which had uttered it, reminded him of an individual now no more, but who had left behind him a great name, and who would never be forgotten as long as the people remembered aught that was honest or honourable. (We understood the Hon. Gent. have to make allusion to the late Mr. Whitbread.) In the dearth of topics upon which to address the meeting, arising from the circumstances which he had before stated, he might be excused for adverting to some strange doctrines which he had heard promulgated out of doors, and in another place. The most absurd and startling of these doctrines was, that the plenty which a bountiful Providence had provided was a curse, and that the abundance which the people were instructed to pray for, night and morning, ought not to be invoked as a blessing, but to be deprecated as an evil. (*applause.*) If this proposition were true, the country, instead of being thankful to



Providence for the mild and genial winter which they had passed, ought to have prayed for rugged and stormy weather, in the hope that in the present-year famine might succeed to the plenty of last year. He could view such an extraordinary and absurd doctrine in no other light than as a pretence, advanced by persons who were interested in supporting the destructive system of taxation, which bore down the whole country. (applause.) He remembered, that upon the last day upon which Parliament sat this session, the Marquis of Londonderry said, in answer to some observations from him (Mr. Bennet), that if all the existing taxes were repealed, the people still be no better off than they now were. (laughter.) The noble Marquis was so much accustomed to deal in sophisms, that this was applauded by the House of Commons. Yes, in that assembly there were persons found to cheer such a declaration; but he would take upon himself to say, that there was no other assemblage of human beings, in the whole world, except the House of Commons, in which it would not have been hooted at: (great applause.) The noble Marquis and his disciples appeared to have got one lesson by heart, which they had borrowed from an old legitimate Sovereign of former times, who, in giving instructions to his Ministers, said—"You know what course I would have you take; let nobody have any thing left." (a laugh.) This was precisely the line of conduct pursued by the noble Marquis; for the meeting well knew, that when the King got his taxes, the church its tithes, and the poor their rates, nobody had any thing left. (applause.) The honourable member then censured the House of Commons for the conduct which it had held during the present session. He stated that they had reduced no expense—remedied no grievance—scarcely listened to any petitions (some they had altogether discarded)—attended to the prayer of none; and all that they had done, was to vote all the main estimates of the year, without, in some cases, reducing a single shilling, and only in one instance making a retrenchment to the extent of a few thousands, which it was afterwards admitted had been asked for by mistake. To conclude the whole, the agricultural committee had produced a report, which, from its perplexed language, he defied any man clearly to understand. By a close inspection of this document, however, he thought he could perceive the "cleven-foot," that a rise of the prices of agricultural produce was contemplated; in other words, it was desired to increase the price of the quarter loaf. He pledged himself to resist any measure of this kind, regardless whether by so doing he should please or displease the agriculturists. He himself belonged to the landed interest; he derived his whole income from the land, but would deserve to be considered the most wicked of human beings if, from any interested motives, he should do any thing that might tend to prevent the people from obtaining cheap food. (applause.) The only way in which the agriculturists could be relieved was, by reducing the cost of production; and that might be done by repealing the taxes upon soap, tallow, salt, leather, and light, in the shape of window-tax, which were all necessities of life, and had the effect of increasing the price of labour. The country, however, could expect a reduction of taxation only from a reformed House of Commons. Upon the question of reform he differed altogether from a learned judge who had lately, at Carlou, thought fit to indulge in some very severe reflections against any kind of reformation. He (Mr. Bennet) was of opinion that it was impossible for this country to exist as a free nation if the present system continued, under which a few persons got possession of the means of returning members to the House of Commons. It was said, as a general proposition, "By the fruit shall you know the tree." Now what had been the result of the present session of Parliament? The House of Commons had, at length, after repeated struggles, got rid of two Lords of the Admiralty; but it had refused to consent to the repeal of the salt tax. If, however, the question of the repeal of the salt tax had depended upon the votes of county members, it would have been carried; for, upon examining the lists of those who voted upon the occasion, it would be seen that 48 county members voted in favour of the abolition of the tax, whilst only 12 members of the same description voted against it; but then the latter were backed by a close phalanx, composed of 62 placemen. (applause.) When this state of things existed, it was not to be wondered at that ministers should say that the Government could not go on without the possession of interest in the House of Commons. The salt tax, it appeared, could not go on without this influence; but the question was, whether the country could not go on better without the salt-tax? (a laugh and applause.) All persons who wished to keep the long arm of the Chancellor of the Exchequer out of their pockets, should endeavour to procure a reform in the representation of the people. This fact should never be forgotten—that with a reformed House of Commons, we might have a cheap Government; but with the House of Commons as at present composed, only an expensive Government could exist.

The health of "Joseph Hume, Esquire, and thanks for his exertions in the cause of retrenchment," was next drunk with three times three.

The health of the Chairman was then drunk with similar marks of approbation. The worthy gentleman returned thanks in a neat speech, after which he retired (at 9 o'clock), accompanied by a large portion of the company.

### On Lips and Kissing.

"But who those ruddy lips can kiss,  
Which blessed still themselves do kiss."

As the Editor of the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE inserted a paper upon Noses in one of his earlier numbers, I hope he will think I am rather advancing than receding in dignity of subject, if I request admission for a few remarks on lips, an appendage that ministers so much more copiously to our gratifications than that cartilaginous projection which in many human subjects may be defined as a mere caraneous snuff-box, affixed between the two eyes. How various, delicate, and delightful, on the contrary, are the functions of the lips! I purpose not to treat them anatomically, or I might expatiate on the exquisite flexibility of those muscles, which by the incalculable modulations they accomplish, supply different languages to all the nations of the earth, and hardly ever fatigue the speaker, though they so often prove wearisome to the auditor. Nor shall I dwell upon the opposite impressions which their exercise is calculated to excite, from the ruby mouth of a Corinna "warbling immortal verse and Tuscan air," to the lean-lipped Xantippe deafening her hen-pecked mate, or the gruff voice of the turnkey who wakes you out of a sound sleep, to tell you it is seven o'clock, and you must get up directly to be hanged. But I shall proceed at once to external beauty although it must be admitted, before I enter into the mouth of my subject, that there is no fixed standard of perfection for this feature, either in form or colour. Poor Mungo Park, after having turned many African women sick, and frightened others into fits, by his unnatural whiteness, was once assured by a kind-hearted woolly-headed gentleman, that though he could not look upon him without an involuntary disgust, he only felt the more compassion for his misfortune; and upon another occasion he overheard a jury of matrons debating whether a female could be found in any country to kiss such emaciated and frightful lips. How Noah's grand children, the African descendants of Ham, came to be black, has never yet been satisfactorily explained, and it were therefore vain to inquire into the origin of their enormous lips, which do not seem better adapted to a hot climate than our own; but there is good reason to believe that the ancient Egyptians were as ponderously provided in this respect as their own bull-god, for the Sphinx has a very Nubian mouth, and the Memnon's head, so far from giving us the idea of a musical king who could compete with Pan or Apollo, rather tempts us to exclaim in the language of Dryden—

"Thou sing with him, thou booby! never pipe  
Was so profan'd to touch that, blubber'd lip."

Belzoni may grub for ever in the ruins of Thebes before he will find the representation of a single Egyptian half so well made as himself; for a more angular and awkward set of two-legged animals seem never to have existed. They must have worshiped monkeys on account of their resemblance to their own human form divine; and we cannot attribute their appearance to the unskilfulness of the artist rather than the deformity of the subject, for the drawings of animals are always accurate, and sometimes extremely graceful.

All this only makes it the more wonderful that Cæroper, by lending a colony from the mouths of the Nile to Attica, should found a nation which, to say nothing of its surpassing pre-eminence in arts and arms, attained in a short period that exquisite proportion and beauty of form of which they have left us memorials in their glorious statues, and have thus eternally fixed the European standard of symmetry and loveliness. The vivid fancy of the Greeks not only peopled woods, waves, and mountains with imaginary beings, but by a perpetual intermingling of the physical and moral world, converted their arms, instruments, and decorations into types and symbols, thus elevating inanimate objects into a series of hieroglyphics, as they had idealised their whole system of mythology into a complicated allegory. To illustrate this by recurring to the subject of our essay. Many people contemplate the classical bow of the ancients without recollecting that its elegant shape is supplied originally by Nature, as it is an exact copy of the line described by the surface of the upper lip. It is only by recalling this circumstance that we can fully appreciate that curious felicity which appropriated the lip-shaped bow to Apollo the god of eloquence, and to Cupid the god of love, thus typifying that amorous shaft, which is never so powerfully shot into the heart as through the medium of a kiss. It is in this spirit of occult as well as visible beauty that classical antiquity should be felt and studied. No upper lip can be pronounced beautiful unless it have this line as distinctly defined as I now see it before me in a sleeping infant. I am sorry to be personal toward my readers, particularly those of the fair sex, but, my dear Madam, it is useless to consult your glass, or complain that the mirrors are not half so well made now as they were when you were younger. By biting them you may indeed make "your lips bluish deeper sweets," but you cannot bid them display the desiderated outline. Such vain endeavours, like the formal mombing of prayers, "are but useless formalities and lip-labour." Yours are, in fact, (be it spoken in a whisper) what a friend of mine denominates sixpenny lips, from their tenuity, and maintains them to be indicative of

deceit. He, however, is a physiognomist, which I am not, or at least only to a very modified extent. All those muscles which are flexible and liable to be called into action by the passions, may, I conceive, permanently assume some portion of the form into the which they are most frequently thrown, and thus betray to us the predominant feelings of the mind; but as no emotions can influence the collocation of our features, or the fixed constituents of our frame, I have no faith in their indications. As to the craniologists and others who maintain that we are made angels and devils, not by wings at our shoulders or tails at our backs, but by the primitive bones upon our skulls, I recommend them a voyage to one of the South Sea islands, where they will find the usual diversity of individual character, although all the infants heads are put into a frame at the birth, and compelled to grow up in the shape of a sugar-loaf. Not that Spurzheim would be embarrassed by this circumstance. He would only pronounce from their mitre-like configuration that they had the organ of Episcopateness.

Nay, Miss, I have not been so absorbed in this little digression but that I have observed you endeavouring to complete the classical contour of your mouth by the aid of lipsalve, as if bees-wax and rouge could supply what the plastic and delicate hand of Nature has failed to impress. Cupid has not stamped his bow upon your mouth, yet I swear by those lips, (I wish you would take a hint from one of our LITTLE though by no means one of our minor poets, and call upon me to kiss the book,) that they are beautifully ripe and ruddy,

"Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
And yet an union in partition."

They are such as Cornelius Gallus loved;—

"Flammea dilexi, modicumque timentia labra,  
Quæ mihi gustanti basia plena darent."

and if any one should object that an Egyptian prefect was a bad judge of beauty, you may safely maintain that the elegies which bear his name were in fact composed by monks of the middle age, whose competency to decide upon such a subject will hardly be disputed. Those lips are full and round, but beware of their being tempted into a forward expression, for, if

"Like a misbehaved and sullen wench  
Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love,"

I will supply thee with no more enlogiums from either monks or prefects. The "slumberous pont" which Keats has so delightfully described in his sleeping Deity is the only one which is becoming.

I see another of my readers mincing up her mouth, with that toss of the head and self-satisfied air, which assure me that she is a flirt and a coquette; and though her lips be ruddy, "as they in pure vermilion had been dyed," I entreat her to recollect, that "lips though rosy must still be fed," and recommend her "to fall upon her knees and thank heaven fasting for a good man's love." If she make mouths at me as well as at her lovers, and heed not my counsel, I can only exclaim

"Take, O take those lips away,  
Which so often were forsworn," &c.

and having nothing to thank her for but the recalling of those exquisite lines, whether they be Shakspeare's or Fletcher's.

Now, however, I behold a nobler vision hanging over and irradiating the page. It is of a lovely nymph, in whose looks and lips the bows of Apollo and Cupid seem intertwined and indented. She does not smile from affectation, nor smile because it is becoming, nor compress her lips to hide a defective tooth, nor open them to display the symmetry of the rest; but her mouth has that expression which the painter of Bathylus, in the Greek Anthology, was instructed to catch.—

"And give his lips that speaking air  
As if a word were hovering there."

Her's is not of that inexpressive doll-like character, which seems to smirk as if it were conscious of its own silly prettiness; nor has she the pouting come-kiss-me under-lip of sealing-wax hue which one sees in the portraits of Lely and Kneller; but while in the animation of her looks intelligence seems to be beaming from her eyes, enchantment appears to dwell within the ruby portals of her mouth. Its very silence is eloquent, for her's are the lips which Apollo loved in Daphne, and Cupid in his Psyche.—which Phidias and Praxiteles have immortalised in marble, and which immutable Nature still produces when she is in her happiest and most graceful moods. Her's is the mouth, in short, which, to use an appropriate botanical phrase, conducts us by a natural and delightful inoculation to the second division, or rather union of my subject—Kissing.

This is a very ancient and laudable practice, whether as a mark of respect or affection. The Roman Emperors saluted their principal officers by a kiss; and the same mode of congratulation was customary upon every promotion or fortunate event. Among the same people, men were allowed to kiss their female relations on the mouth, that they might know whether they smelt of wine or not, as it seems those vaunted dames and damsels were apt to make too free with the juice of the grape, notwithstanding a prohibition to the contrary. The refinement of manners among these classical females was probably pretty much upon a par with that depicted in the Beggar's Opera, where

Macheate exclaims, after saluting Jenny Diver,—"one may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent." The ancients used not only to kiss their dying relations, from a strange notion that they should inhale the departing soul,\* but repeated the salutation when dead, by way of valediction: and, finally, when they were laid upon the funeral pile. There is no accounting for tastes; but for my own part, I would rather salute the living; and I even carry my singularity so far as to prefer the soft lips of a female, to that mutual presentation of bristled cheeks to which one is subject by the customs of France. A series of essays has been written on the rational recreation of kissing, by John Everard, better known as Johannes Secundus, the author of the Basia, which has the disgrace of being even more licentious than his prototypes, Propertius and Catullus. This gentleman held the same situation under the Archbishop of Toledo, that Gil Blas filled under the Archbishop of Granada; but instead of devoting his time to the improvement of homilies, he employed himself in describing kisses of every calibre, from the counter-part of that bestowed by Petruchio upon his bride, who

—"kiss her lips  
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting  
All the church echo'd"

to the fond and gentle embrace described by Milton, when Adam, gazing upon our first parent in the delicious bowers of Eden—

—"in delight

Both of her beauty and submissive charms  
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter  
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds  
That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip  
With kisses pure."

Old Ben Jonson, unlike Captain Wattle, preferred the taste of his mistress's lip to Sillery or Chateau-Margand, for which we have the authority of his well-known song—

"Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not ask for wine."

And Anacreon himself, tippler as he was, did not relish his Chian, "had not the lips of love first touch'd the flowing bowl." The poets in general can hardly be supposed to have possessed "lips that beauty hath seldom bless'd;" and if they have not always recorded this fact, they were probably restrained by the sanctitude of that injunction which orders us not to kiss and tell. Yet there ought to be no squeamishness in the confession, for Nature herself is ever setting us examples of cordiality and love, without the least affectation of secrecy—

—"This woody realm

Is Cupid's bower; see how the trees enwreath  
Their arms in amorous embraces twined!  
The guggings of the rill that runs beneath,  
Are but the kisses which it leaves behind,  
While softly sighing through these fond retreats,  
The wanton wind woos every thing it meets."

We may all gaze upon the scene, when, according to the poet,  
"The far horizon kisses the red sky,"

or look out upon the ocean

"When the uplifted waters kiss the clouds."

There was doubtless an open footpath over that "heaven-kissing hill," whereon, according to Shakspeare, the feathered Mercury alighted; and there were, probably, many enamoured wanderers abroad on that tranquil night recorded by the same poet—

"When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise."

Even that phlegmatic compound, a pie, has its kissing-crust. There is no kissing, indeed, animate or inanimate, that has not its recommendations; but there is a nondescript species, somewhat between both, against which I beg to enter my protest—I mean the degrading ceremony of a man made in God's image, kneeling to kiss the hand of a fellow mortal at Court, merely because that mortal is the owner of a crown, and the dispenser of places and titles. Nay, there are inconsistent beings who have kissed the foot of the Servant of servants at Rome, and yet boggled at performing the ko-ton at Pekin, to the Son of the Moon, the Brother of the Sun, and the Lord of the Celestial Empire. Instead of complaining at knocking their nobles upon the floor before such an august personage, it seemed reasonable to suppose that they would conjure up in their imaginations much more revolting indignities. Rabelais, when he was in the suite of Cardinal Lorraine, accompanied him to Rome, and no sooner saw him prostrate before the Pope, and kissing his toe, as customary, than he suddenly turned round, shut the door, and scampered home. Upon his return, the cardinal asked him the meaning of this insult. When I saw you, said Rabelais who are my master, and, moreover, a cardinal and a prince, kissing the Pope's foot, I could not bear to anticipate the sort of ceremony that was probably reserved for your servant. H.

\* Plato seems to have thought that this interchange might occur among the living, for he says when he kisses his mistress,

"My soul then flutters to my lip,  
Ready to fly and mix with thine."



# ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—681—

## Post Office Irregularities.

To the Editor of the Journal.

Sir,

By your kindly giving publicity to the following hints, probably it may be noticed by those "Public Officers," who, for want of leisure, may not have bestowed a thought on such minor points,—which, however, if adopted, will not only prove beneficial to the Public, but save much trouble and annoyance to themselves:—

The suggestions which I humbly beg to propose, is chiefly relating to the POST OFFICE IRREGULARITIES, viz.—

1st.—I had sometime ago suggested through the medium of your JOURNAL, that STAMPS may be used in all the Post Offices, in the LOWER and UPPER PROVINCES, which has partially been adopted. The *ISK* which is used, however, in some Stations, such as Barrackpore, Diamond Harbour, Kedgee, &c. &c. is not black enough to make the Stamps appear *always* legible!

There are some Post Offices where Stamps are not yet adopted: Tumlook, Nuddea, Jessore, Kurnaul, Hissur, &c. &c.

Probably Persian and English characters will prove useful to be used in the Stamps in the two latter places, and in all the Post Offices in the UPPER PROVINCES,—and English and Bengallee, in the LOWER.

By thus giving publicity to these my humble cogitations, it may probably forward the above objects sooner or later.

In fact, the adoption of STAMPS will prevent much Irregularities in the Transmission and Receipt of Letters, to, and from, the GENERAL POST OFFICE here. For instance, should a Letter be directed to "Kotgurh," and sent to the General Post Office, it will be returned back to the Writer, with this remark in their Receipt Book, viz.—"Returned for better direction!" Now, Kotgurh being at Kurnaul, and as there are no Stamps used at Kurnaul, but some bad and hurried lines of Persian writing appear on the letter, which do not mention the name of the place from whence the Letter is dispatched, but simply the name of the person to whom the letter is addressed—it is difficult to rectify such misdirection, a Map not being always at hand, to make a reference to.

2d.—Were Stamps also used to fix the rate of Postage on each Letter, it would save much trouble, and expedite the delivery of Letters. As the Postage is chargeable by weight, this mode can easily be adopted; or, otherwise, all the heavy Postage on bulky Letters and Parcels be written in figures, as well as in writing in full length.

3d.—To prevent imposition by the Dawk Peons, it would be advisable, were the List of Postages kept by them, be regularly attested by the initial of the head Christian Clerk, and sent in for payment to the Clerks in the different Agency Houses and Printing Offices, entrusted with the Receipt and Dispatch of Letters, either daily or weekly. For, oftentimes, much vexatious trouble is occasioned by these men, after a lapse of some days, when the Letters are all put past on a plea that the Postage is not all put down in the "Import Dawk Book," and consequently it does not agree with his List!!!

4th.—It would also be advisable, were a List of "Unclaimed Letters," be submitted to the different Agency Houses in Town for inspection, before insertion in the Public Prints, and that such List be published "weekly" in the Daily Papers as so, instead of "annually" in the GOVERNMENT GAZETTE only, as is the practice now, if I am not mistaken.

5th.—That those Letters "Refused" by the Agency Houses, addressed to their care, without specifying on the Letter where the parties are to be found, should be sent back to them again, with a "Chit," from the Post Master General for inspection.

Your obedient Servant,

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

## A Native's Ideas of Natives.

To the Editor of the Journal.

Sir,

"Wonders, Sir, will never cease" and the publication of "A Native's Idea of Wives" has too novel an appearance not to attract some degree of attention from even those phlegmatic constitutions, which profess to have a decided aversion to every thing in the shape of Newspaper Correspondence. To suffer the opinions, to which publicity has been afforded, to go unrefuted to the world, would be an offence almost tantamount to a breach of duty. There are many points in OSTROGORN's letter of the 25th September, for the tendency of which he cannot be held personally responsible, still as they embrace matter intimately connected with the happiness of the civilized part of mankind, I am totally at a loss to conceive how any individual, pretending to be conversant with the manners and habits of the Europeans and Natives, could think of urging them with becoming seriousness. The communication in question purports to be the substance of a conversation held between your Correspondent OSTROGORN and an intelligent Native, who is plausibly enough ushered into notice by the recommendation of his having been a noted Traveller. If I were at all disposed, on the present occasion, to cavil and sneer at the ignorance betrayed by this son of *Mercury*, who, judging from the specimen he has afforded, is no bad prototype of the celebrated Sinbad, I would shift the grounds of his qualifications to deliver opinions on a subject, connected with the refinements, customs, habits, manners, and the mode of life, which so pre-eminently distinguish the civilized nations of Europe from the untutored savages. The *protege* of OSTROGORN may well express his surprise at the supposed circumstance of Europeans having a dislike to matrimony. This may be true abstractedly; but that it is generally so must be admitted to be fallacious. If the Native, whose opinions on marriage forms the subject of this reply, had but possessed the slightest knowledge of English, he would have seen, by referring to the public prints, that matrimony is not of so rare occurrence amongst us, as he seems willing to believe. Let it be recollected also, that the celebration of marriage amongst the lower classes, though frequent, is perhaps never recorded for public notification in the pages of Newspapers; and the Native should be informed, that there is hardly a peasant in England, who is not blessed with a family and domestic felicity. The lower orders in India, I presume, are not so partial to matrimony, as one might have been led to expect from the gratuitous assertion of OSTROGORN's friend; but this indifference may, perhaps, be the result of local disadvantages. The sacred and hallowed flame of love seems to be repressed, whilst libidinous appetite is indulged in by the unfettered licence of concubinage, and to which example adds strength. This is a vice, which it is much to be feared, has spread its contagion too widely over the population of Asia. But where is the married man, who, possessing even common opulence, does not most freely indulge in all the voluptuous surfeits of Eastern Invention; how many unhappy wretches are there involuntarily immured in the privacies of an Harem, pining away their lives in these winding purlieus and brothels of ignominy, these mephitic cells of Indian vice, these modern suburras of loathsome disease, of Asiatic infamy and concupiscence?

There is a great deal of sophistry in the observations of the Native, which has too spacious an appearance not to impose with the false glare of refined subtlety, upon a weak and credulous understanding. After expressing his astonishment at an European's aversion to matrimony, he remarks that his own countrymen are actuated, on such a serious and momentous subject, by principles diametrically opposite to those which influence our conduct. There is no novelty in this, because the noble sentiments of an Englishman will always dissuade him from forming a mercenary alliance. The advantages of keeping Native wives in seclusion, I believe, are not many; and though separate apartments be appropriated for their use, yet I imagine there are various means left for the gratification of impure desires, without the fear of detection. Whether they are really happy,

or not in their seclusion, which would, on enquiry, perhaps, be found undesirable, is another question. If the Native means to say, that the females of India are never suffered to go out of their involuntary confinement, he labours under a gross error. I have travelled over many countries under the acknowledged sway of Native Sovereigns, and can conscientiously affirm, that the women have often availed themselves of circumstances to quit their apartments on a visit to their paramours. Does the Native affect an ignorance of practised *Quennas*, who upon various pretences, can obtain access to the *Zenanas*, and by the proverbial dexterity of their profession contrive to facilitate the egress of Native wives from their apartments? Nay, many a beardless youth has been admitted into their *Zenanas* through the success of disguise. But it can never be said that such a despicable system of intrigue is ever practised by our countrymen, who from education and habit are taught to revere virtue and mingle in social intercourse with ourselves and to participate in all the refined but harmless pleasures of society, thereby realizing the purposes of God and Nature, without being inspired by the wicked suggestions which restraint engenders. Let the mistaken and misjudging Natives remember, that, however they may pervert the noblest gifts of Nature, when the Almighty Creator of the universe made man, after his own image and in his own likeness, he gave woman to be his sole companion for life, and ordained from the beginning, that she should participate in all his joys and sorrows, his happiness and misery, and be his only comforter in the dark hour of adversity. In those days of pristine innocence and peace, the wide scattered earth afforded no place for the confinement of the loveliest part of the creation, and man made her his compeer and his friend.

If plurality of wives has a tendency to secure human felicity, then it must be granted, that the Natives have found out the surest way to it; but if it should be proved that polygamy is more productive of misery and wretchedness than of the least share of happiness, how pitiable and melancholy must be the condition of that man, who is cursed with such an unprofitable privilege. The possession of more than one woman can never produce substantial benefit to a man; for instead of any one of them being actuated by a spirit of emulation to please her husband she is far more likely to be affected by jealousy and to abandon herself to the agonies of misery. If to admit the partners of our bosoms to an equality with ourselves be to "lift them from their proper sphere" and resign ourselves into their power, the charge of supineness becomes established; but if permitting our wives and daughters to join in social converse with us is not productive of derogatory subserviency; to what conclusion does the asserted objection lead. With respect to the article of dress, what can be more unchaste than that worn by the generality of the Native women? Their vesture, instead of protecting their charms from the licentious gaze of libertines, is calculated to increase impure desire. The piece of cloth in which they usually wrap themselves is often so scanty, as to leave little else for the imagination to conjecture. Matrimony with the Natives partakes more of the nature of a lottery than with us, for it is clear that when any of us thinks of entering into that state, he consults his own taste in the choice of a partner. Not so is the case with the Natives, for as their marriages are contracted by their parents, when very young, even before their "chins have budded" the shoots of mankind, they are compelled either to stifle the murmurs of discontent, or reconcile themselves to their wives, who sometimes prove to be decrepid and infirm, and at others defective in the organs of vision; sometimes blessed with a temper,

—whose unclouded ray,

Can make to-morrow as cheerful as to-day;

and frequently the greatest tergiversants imaginable. They have seldom much regard or affection for their husbands, often forming a criminal attachment with strangers; who, leaving no artifice untried to effect their ruin, frequently prevail on them to forsake their house, that had so long sheltered them from the rude storm, and to abandon their innocent offsprings to the

mercy of a "rude stream" as unfeeling and relentless as that which flows in their own bosom. Are not the Native women fond of ornaments? Indeed this propensity, when ungratified by their husbands, has frequently induced them to return to their parents, where the timorous husband dare not exercise his prerogatives.

The best reason for restricting a man to one wife, is, that such was the will and pleasure of heaven; and I know none, of even a plausible complexion, that could be urged in favor of a plurality of wives. When it pleased Providence to create our first parent and place him in the garden of Eden, what was the system he adopted for promoting his earthly felicity? He could easily have blessed him with more than one "help-mate;" but it evident from sacred history, that Adam had but one companion; and this original order was scrupulously adhered to, until the corrupt nature of man began to shew itself and to gain ascendancy over his reason: vice, then, overspread the face of the earth, and man, in the profligacy of his heart, sought a multiplicity of objects to feed the unquenchable fire of lust. Yet what are the solid advantages to be proposed from premature marriage and polygamy? The bad effects of this unnatural system are too apparent; for before a woman has attained the full meridian of life, she appears wasted and worn-down; when, in fact the graces of her person ought to add fresh charms to the bloom of youth, she generally presents a meagre remnant of faded beauty and the melancholy traces of promised loveliness, like a scathed plant, ere it has blossomed; or a fragrant rose rudely trodden on. It is not that we dread matrimony; but the prejudices of society have done much to render it unfashionable and make a *scarerow* of that, which is the institution of a beneficent Creator and the dictate of nature. Want and penury have also a share in deterring a youth from entering into the married state. Native women, I should continue, are not always free from jealousy, and its influence is more powerfully felt in their breasts, than in those of the British fair. It would seem that jealousy would have a more predominant sway over them from the perpetual agitations, to which their affections are invariably exposed by the very great latitude of conduct, in which the Natives are allowed to indulge themselves, without any reproach attaching to their moral character, unaided as they are by the consolatory resources, which education affords in the shape of philosophy and religion, as counterpoises to human affections.

If to marry from the most generous of motives be to act a silly part, then the censure intended is justly deserved; but if otherwise, what must be thought of those, who embrace matrimony from the most selfish and sordid views? Is it possible to fix happiness on a firmer basis than unmixed love? or is there is a better chance of securing and enjoying it, when we are led in the pursuit after it from motives of pure and disinterested attachment? The brightest gem is not seldom discovered among pebbles, the diamond is dug out of the bowels of the earth, and the orient pearl lies concealed in the shell of an oyster; so a most exemplary wife may often be found in the lower ranks of life, nay even amongst the "very dregs of mankind." Free intercourse does not necessarily expose a woman to temptation; and it cannot be contradicted that Native women are given to deceit and hypocrisy, often resorting to the lowest subterfuges and tricks to cover their infamy, though secluded within the walls of a guarded *Harem*, in spite of every precautionary measure that the inventive faculty of a Native Tyrant can suggest. What possible right has a man to deprive a fellow-creature of life? a gift, which he has no power to restore and peradventure never gave, is a point which requires to be explained.

If the faculty to distinguish right from wrong and choose the straight path of rectitude in preference to an evil course, has not the capability to impart vigour, firmness, and resolution to the human mind, it would be desirable, that some other more effectual mode could be pointed out. Few Native women are able to shut their hearts against the magic of pecuniary consideration; and fewer still, who would not fall victims to the insuaring in



trigues of a practiced Duenna. Public opinion, it must be confessed, exercises a greater degree of influence over the morals and virtues of women, than the dread of so heavy a punishment as death, for it remains to be shewn, that it has ever precluded a Native female from the commission of the most disgraceful of all crimes—adultery. I conceive, that public contempt must naturally follow the disclosure of it; for how else is the former to be expected to take its due course, unless assisted by detection.

Having replied to such points in OSTRACOTH's letter as I deemed worthy of consideration, I shall conclude with a comparison between an European and a Native spouse. The former is the child of nature and simplicity; artless and free from dissimulation, improved by education and amiable in her virtues. Destitute of affectation and glowing with "every endearing young charm," she communicates pleasures to those around her by the liveliness of her conversation, the sprightliness of her wit and the tenderness of her feelings. She spreads a kind of sunshine on every object that approaches within the sphere of her attractions; and when real sympathy for suffering humanity touches the chords of her sensibility, she is ready to pour the kind Samaritan's healing balm into the wounds of the benighted pilgrim. In the hour of prosperity she is not over-elated, and in that of misfortune calm and resigned, whilst such is the benignity of her radiant smile, that even the sun in its meridian glory cannot rival its brightening influence: in her are united the bewitching graces of beauty and the superior excellence of a cultivated mind. The heart of an European female is by nature soft and gentle, touching and kind. Hope and love beam in her animated features, and health and cheerfulness flush her cheeks with the rosy loveliness of a Hebe;

"Oh! she doth teach the torches to burn bright,  
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,  
Like a rich Jewel in an Ethiop's ear,"

Does the rose-bud, bathed in the morning dew of Heaven, or the blushing violet refreshed by a genial *may-shower*, look beautiful and lovely? So certainly does an *European virgin*, when the sympathetic tear is seen to trickle down her blooming cheeks! as droops the fair lily, when a rude zephyr harshly breathes over its opening blossom, so bends the slender form of a British fair-one before the cruel blast of misfortune! In short, our wives are famed for their affection and attachment to their husbands, and our children for their love and tenderness to their parents, in whom they may view the "rain-bow of their future hopes and years." What friend is so ready to comfort and console a man, when death approaches, or distress overtakes him, as the loved partner of his bosom! In a word, she is the balm of humanity.

Let the picture be reversed for a moment, and we shall find how different is that of the wife of a Native. The wisdom of Providence and the kindness of Nature never meant that she should be his slave; for if her weakness could excuse him from the exercise of a domineering authority over her, then is every tyrant justified in oppressing his subjects and ruling them with a rod of iron. The man she owns as her Lord, is never the husband of her choice, she feels not the force of early attachment, and knows less the power and efficacy of all conquering love, which delights to lose itself in the dewy affections of the heart, as the fabled Phoenix feels a proud satisfaction in mounting to the ethereal expanse, and, shaking its pinions in the void of air, bathes its rich and luxuriant plumage in the glistening current of the sun's golden stream. A Native and his wife are strangers to the joys of wedded love, and while the former is at liberty to retain as many concubines as he likes, to share his confidence and administer to his pleasures, he cannot, in conscience, expect legitimate fidelity from the latter. He visits his *Harem*, not with the chaste desire awakened in a virtuous breast, but gloating with the sensual passions of a professed and abandoned libertine, his eyes kindle at the sight of every female with the unholy fire of a consuming lust; and when the last debt of nature is about to be paid, bitter, alas! must be his remaining moments, when he sees no friend near him to whisper the words of consolation and

comfort to his anguished soul; he meets no friendly hand stretched forth to close his eye-lids in peace, but the last consummation of the drama of life is with him worse than the sad and eventful period, which in sorrow and grief, brought him naked and forlorn into the world.

Having, I fear, trespassed too much upon the limits of your Paper, I have to apologize for the extreme length of this letter; but the subject demanded my serious attention, and I could not accomplish the object I had in view within a smaller compass. With this apology, which I trust will prove acceptable, I beg to subscribe myself,

Sir, your obedient Servant,

Calcutta, 12th October.

HYMENIUS.

### Mr. Deputy's Puffs.

"Quid verum atque decens euro et rogo."—John Bull's Motto.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

It is amusing to observe to what ridiculous shifts and stratagems poor "MR. DEPUTY" is reduced, to fill that miserable Paper, the JOHN BULL.

Sometimes his blundering genius prompts him to admit the most gross scurrility into his columns;—I say his *blundering genius*, in common charity, I must hope, that such language was not intentional.

At other times, he tries to delude the Public by *Puffs* in the form of "NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS," as delicate as they are witty.

I will not disgust your readers with copying the whole of these elegant *morceaux*, but merely select a paragraph from one of them as a fine specimen of the "*verum atque decens*;" at the same time, apologizing for having contaminated my pen by so doing. The passage I allude to, runs thus:—

"We have taken the liberty of putting some lines, written at the call of a friend, into the *PIGDANNIE*!!"

If this pretty address was not meant for a Correspondent, the substance of the above-mentioned paragraph is *non verum*; but, if it really was addressed to a Contributor, it then becomes *non decens*,—though I am much inclined to think that his *Correspondents* are in the same situation as the Giants mentioned by Lord Grizzle, in "Tom Thumb."—

"Giants! why Madam, 'tis all *flummery*—

He made the Giants first, and then he killed them."

To show, however, that he (MR. DEPUTY BULL), is not devoid of charity, though he is of common sense,—he this-day calls his readers' attention to the Charity Sermons which are to be preached to-morrow,—but here again, he manages to slip in a *squibbing inuendo*, (a sort of *puff oblique*), on his own ability. Now then for his own words—

"If any thing from us could promote the object of the Committee, we would write a VOLUME!!!"

Hey day! Here is the DEPUTY all on the high ropes—he forgets that he has not sufficient *tact* to write a common decent *Editorial Paragraph*; but he must needs offer his services to write a *Volume*! Let him puff on! Let him write a volume—for in fact, his *puffs* are in themselves nothing more than *Volumes of Smoke*.

Seriously speaking, I would advise him not to try, for, like Old Paulo Purganti,

"Though he understands the call,  
He has not yet the *wherewithal*."

That "MR. DEPUTY" may not forget the motto of his Paper.

I beg, Sir, to subscribe myself, as usual,

Your's, &c.

Oct. 19, 1822.

QUID VERUM ATQUE DECENS,

## Lines to the Author of "India."

To his unguarded nest, like weasel critics,  
Came sneaking, and so suck'd his princely eggs.—HEN. V.

When Virgil finished his tenth pastoral lay  
He took his leave by adding "*Hæc sat erit*"—(a)  
A simple congè, which I beg to say,  
Evinces much of sense as well as spirit,  
Because it shews he deign'd not to pourtray  
His Eclogues as deserving any merit—  
He left them with the public, who would deem  
Them good or bad as their desert might seem.

Now Hafiz (b) who was very, very vain  
Of all he thought or said or did, has sung  
Of his own writings in a different strain;  
He tells us that his prose at random sung,  
Seems gems, and that his poesy, again,  
Resembles pearls on costly bracelets strung.  
Virgil was modest. Hafiz was conceited—  
To whom ought praise or censure to be meted?

I pause for a reply.—Thanks, Great Unknown,  
Who in the G—G— which arrived to-day,  
Gives a reply, and gives it in a tone  
So clear and cogent that I dare to say,  
A sceptic on the point there will be none:  
"So, gentle readers, fare ye well—but stay,  
"I cannot thus allow ye to retreat  
"Without a word at parting, SOFT AND SWEET.

"I thank ye heartily, ye that (have?) smil'd,  
"Not ye who voting it no pleasant treat  
"To search the Poet's corner, would have toil'd  
(I wish your next line quoted had less feet!)  
"Rather through dry debates and controversies wild!"  
That is to wit: "Not ye who thought it meet  
"To read one single article of news  
"When ye had MY nine cantos to peruse."

And nine such cantos too! and each inspir'd  
By one of the nine Muses of Parnassus!  
(A Boarding School by King Apollo hir'd  
For the reception of Blue-Stocking lasses)  
And every stanza with such spirit fir'd  
That every word and every verse surpasses  
What all the Ancients, all the Moderns too  
Have ever penn'd, from Adam down to you!

(c) Then dids 'em vex my child and dids 'em spurn VI.  
My nown dear's Nindia spun to Cantos nine?  
Dids 'em to Journals and Newspapers turn  
And dids 'em pass your poetry so fine?  
The naughty fellows! who could not discern  
My darling's talents—pearls thrown out to swine,  
But hushaden, my precious, wipe your eyes;  
Here is a plum and here are cakes and pies.

(d) By Jingo! yes, it is extremely hard,  
(e) When Pope is read and Byron understood,  
That you, a most ingenious, charming bard,  
Should find mankind so stupid, dull, and rude,  
As not to pay your verses due regard;  
It is extremely hard—and by the rood  
Twill not be credited in future times  
That folks lik'd news in preference to your rhymes.

But never mind—posterity will give  
Your Cantos nine on India their just fame;  
Hence your renown in glory's page shall live,  
Thus superscrib'd—the Bard without a name,  
And though old maids and critics may conceive  
You kept it secret purely out of shame,  
Yet tell it not in Gath nor Eskalon  
For you shall be yeleft THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

IX.  
And great you surely are, as may be seen  
In stanza twenty-four of Canto nine  
Wherein, according to a famous Dean, (f)  
A ray of wisdom is perceiv'd to shine,  
That does betoken intellectual sheen  
Not oft possess'd by layman or divine.  
You ken "when to have done," which as Swift says  
A knowledge rarely to be found displays.

X.  
Still, Great Unknown! permit me to enquire  
Why, 'ere you brought your Cantos to an end  
Against Civilians you discharged your ire  
And shafts of ridicule thought fit to wend?  
Are we a butt deserving of the fire  
You Soldier Officers on us expend?  
Are we a target set up for the volley  
Of your ball-cartridges of fate and folly?

XI.  
Could you not scrawl nine Cantos, "soft and sweet,"  
(And "soft and sweet" they are too every one,  
With beauty, elegance, and taste replete,  
And full of lively bon mots, wit and fun!)  
Without presuming spitefully to treat  
Civilians ere you knew WHEN TO HAVE DONE?  
Could you not spare the Register and Judge  
And the Collector from your rancorous grudge?

XII.  
If our Collectors, Registers and Judges  
May on their duties now and then descant,  
On what pray do you Military drudges  
For ever and for ever rail and rant?  
Why I will tell you (and my tale no fudge is)  
You all incessantly confine your cant  
To abusing us Civilians night and day,  
And talking of "three Regiments more" and pay.

XIII.  
Aye pay—'Euphæ—aye—there lies the rub,  
It is the pay, the pay that stirs your bile!  
It is the pay, from General down to Sub,  
That makes you think Civilians are so vile!  
It is the pay which makes you at us snub  
And tease and prate, scandal and revile!  
It is the pay superior which we get  
That makes you jealous and that makes you fret!

XIV.  
Yet, Great Unknown, whose fame in after days  
Shall be recorded in *The Stream of Time*, (g.)  
Although the present age withholds its praise  
From your nine Cantos, brilliant as sublime,  
Say, if the Company (God bless it) pays  
Us more than you, does reason or does rhyme,  
Support you in the strictures and abuse  
You heap on us, in torrents so profuse?

XV.  
But *hæc sat erit*—I have said enough  
To suit the object which I had in view  
When I sat down your Cantos nine to puff—  
Still, Poet Laureate, I repeat, if you  
Again presume to bore us with your stuff  
Again from me you shall receive your due:  
"So gentle readers, fare ye well—but stay"  
India can boast of ———

A CIVILIAN.

(a) *Hæc sat erit*, Divæ vestrum cecenisæ Poetam. Virgil Ecl. 10 v. 70.—(b) See Sir William Jones's Persian Grammar 136.—(c) Dids 'em vex my child? Dids 'em take its nown, nown Nempereor away from it? Hushaden, Hushaden! *The Talents Run Mad, a Satirical Poem*, p. 63, Note.—(d) This is the select and beautiful phrase of JOHN BULL.—(e) Who need be reminded of the two celebrated lines by Byron in his *Don Juan* p. 114.

"When Southey's read and Wordsworth's understood  
"I can't help putting in my claim to praise."

(f) "To say the truth, no part of knowledge seems to be in fewer hands, than that of discerning WHEN TO HAVE DONE." Dean Swift.—(g) *The Stream of Time* is the title of a chronological map by Frederic Strass, or rather by William Bell.



# ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—685—

## Immolation at Howrah.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

Knowing that you are a Philanthropist, I beg leave to inform you that directly opposite to Fort William, and not above 100 yards to the southward of the late Mr. William Jones's dwelling house at Seebpore, on Monday morning at gun-fire, a widow, the mother of a large family, was put on a pile of combustibles, and burned to death, attended with circumstances of cruelty at which human nature shudders, which I shall endeavour to describe partly as seen by myself and as informed by others.

On Friday the 11th instant, about noon, an old Brahmin died and at the time of his death was possessed of considerable riches, and had two wives, one of whom was many years younger than the other, and by each of these wives he had a large family of children, boys and girls, now living. The moment this man expired, his eldest son, heir to all his property, posted off to Allypore and applied to G. R. Barwell Esq. Magistrate of the suburbs of Calcutta, for a licence to burn his own mother and his step-mother, with the body of his father; but it appears Mr. Barwell then granted a licence for one wife, the eldest, to be burned only. Confident, however, that by another application leave would be obtained to burn the other wife also, the pile was raised, and every preparation made to burn them both on the following day at noon; but at the hour of noon on Saturday no licence from Mr. Barwell for the destruction of the youngest woman had arrived, and no licence was granted during the whole of that day.

The news of this rather novel circumstance soon spread along Seebpore and Howrah, and thousands of people of all descriptions were assembled to learn the particulars, and many of them, and to me the family and Brahmin friends of the deceased voluntarily confessed, that either both wives must be burned, or neither of them could be burned, as the one for whom the licence was obtained had declared that she would not be burned alone.

On Sunday, circumstances remained just the same as on Saturday, for Mr. Barwell was inflexible, and no licence to burn the youngest wife could they obtain from him, notwithstanding they used every art, artifice, and invention, which the craft and cunning of a Brahmin could conceive.

On Sunday, as on Saturday, crowds of people were in attendance from morning till night, and to all the Europeans who enquired, the declaration of the deceased's family, and the attending Brahmin were the same, that the one wife could not be burned alone, she having dissented there from, and great hopes began now to be entertained by the humane that Mr. Barwell's firmness would save them both; but the poor creatures were all this time, from the moment their husband had breathed his last, on Friday at noon, kept locked up and not allowed to taste a morsel of victuals of any description, and the hope which had been entertained of their being saved from the flames was greatly damped by the fear that both would be starved to death by their merciless keepers.

On the following morning, Monday the 14th instant, at gun-fire, notwithstanding the previous repeated acknowledgements and confessions of the attending Brahmin and the family and friends of the deceased, that they could not burn the one wife alone, at that selected period when they thought few eyes would be open to view their proceedings, the elder woman was dragged from her prison of starvation, made to mount the pile and clasp the putrid carcase of her so long deceased husband in her arms, the stench from which at that time was intolerable. Two thick ropes, previously prepared, were then passed over the bodies, and two long levers of bamboo, crossing each other, were likewise employed to pinion her down, the unconsumed four ends of which are still to be seen on the spot.

All things being thus arranged, the eldest son and heir, who was to succeed to the property, set fire to the pile, which speedily burnt and consumed his own mother, and at this act it is said that he triumphantly exulted!

The other poor woman being still kept in confinement, and no nourishment supplied, is now seized with delirium, and a few hours more will no doubt end her existence also, actually starved to death.

Who are they, who can read this statement without being filled with horror and disgust? And who are they, who can with ease avert and prevent similar occurrences, who ought to hesitate a moment?

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

Calcutta, Oct. 16, 1822.

A FRIEND TO HUMANITY.

## Burning at Howrah.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

Having occasion to cross the river on Sunday last, my attention was attracted by crowds of people lining the road all along from Howrah, hastily travelling down to the residence of the late Mr. Wm. Jones at Seebpore, and I, through curiosity, was drawn thither also, to learn the cause, which merely proved to be, that of an old Brahmin having died on Friday, and his offensive carcase still lying by the River side unburnt, in consequence of Mr. Barwell, the Magistrate of that side of the River, having granted a licence for only one of his two Wives to be burned with him, and that one for whom the licence was granted not being willing to be burnt by herself.

But the Brahmins about kept the crowd in suspense by their expressing a confident hope that a licence to burn the other woman would also arrive in course of the day, renewed applications having been made to obtain it.

Near the Pile, groups of people were assembled, and among them 4 or 5 Europeans were making themselves very conspicuous, by the abuse, couched not in the most mild language, which they were directing to the surrounding Brahmins and other Natives, against their Religion, their Superstitions, and their Cruelties.

At length a well dressed Native, but not ornamented with the triple cord, stepped forward and addressed them as follows, viz.

GENTLEMEN, —Why are you so lavish in your abuse against us, and our customs? they are our Law and our Religion, and which from our earliest infancy we are instructed to believe in as correct. But you are our Masters, and if you really see so much sin, wickedness and cruelty in them, why do you permit it? You must know, and here is an instance, that we cannot burn a woman, old or young, without your authority, and when having obtained your authority, we consider you as well as ourselves united in the consequences, be they good or be they bad.

He further observed, if a Son ask a Father, or a Servant his Master for that which it would be injurious for either of them to receive, if the request is granted and any ill consequences follow, pray answer me, and tell me, who of the two is most in fault?

The Europeans were silent, and finding they made no reply, the Native resumed the conversation, and said, Gentlemen, until you have solved that question, and actually decided it against the Son or Servant, be pleased never to attempt to abuse us poor ignorant Hindoos, as you call us, any more.

Here the conversation ceased, and I departed, leaving both parties, all strangers to me, to their own reflections, and I to my own.

I am, Sir, on this occasion,

Calcutta, Oct. 20, 1822.

AN ACCIDENTAL OBSERVER.

## HIGH WATER AT CALCUTTA THIS DAY.

	H	M.
Morning,.....	8	20
Evening,.....	8	45

# Freedom of the Press.

Philosophy, Wisdom, and Liberty support each other; he who will not reason is a Dogmatist; he who cannot, is a Fool; and he who dares not, is a Slave.

To the Editor of the Journal.

Sir,

When I consider the great advantages that have resulted from the Liberty of the Press, and view it as the medium through which Philosophy has been enlightened, Science improved, and Governments directed into a regular and systematic course, I cannot conceive upon what grounds a reflecting and well informed mind can wish to confine it within narrower limits, than those ordained by law, and already in force. Indeed it is with difficulty that I can prevail on myself to contemplate the state of degradation to which the human intellect must be reduced, when forgetful of all the instruction it had formerly received, forgetful of the benefits that ever have resulted from the collision of opinions, from philosophic arguments, from learned disquisitions upon speculative and scientific points, it should desire to destroy the fountain from whence the waters must flow that are necessary to maintain its strength and vigor, all those acquisitions that adorn our Literature, and support our claim to the honorable rank we have acquired in Philosophy and Science. It appeared almost impossible to me, that political passion could obtain so powerful a control over the judgment of men as to lead its votaries from the beautiful fields of truth and reason into the intricate labyrinths of falsehood and sophistry. I could not imagine that the love of power or place could induce men endowed with reason, to prostitute their talents and to become the pander to grasping avarice or restless ambition; to become the sycophants of a blind and barbarous system of tyranny.

But those who advocate the propriety of restraining the Press are more inclined to rest on authority than argument: they fly from reason and cling to expediency, a term, which in the vocabulary of a finished Politician of the present times, implies the propriety of doing whatever may suit your convenience, without thinking of justice, honesty, right, or any other of these trifling considerations. Since therefore authority is the source from whence they would wish to draw their power, I shall agreeably to their wishes offer to their consideration, the opinion of Lord Erskine. "The freedom of writing and speaking," says his Lordship, "on topics of Government and its administration, has ever been acknowledged by our greatest Statesmen and Lawyers, to be the principal safeguard of the Constitution; which liberty of thought originally created, and which a Free Press for its circulation gradually brought to maturity;" and again, what Sir William Blackstone declares as one of the Oracles of the Law, upon Restrictions on the Press: "To subject the Press to the restrictive power of a Licensor, as was formerly done, before and after the revolution, is to subject all freedom of sentiment to the prejudice of one man; and make him the arbitrary and infallible judge of all controverted points, in learning, religion, and government."

What answer can be made to these arguments? what subtlety opposed to these simple statements? Surely those profound admirers of power, those adorers of authority, will not renounce their allegiance, and rebel against the idol of their worship. But give them full scope, and I will meet them on any ground, for the purpose of confounding such arguments as their folly or their audacity may induce them to advance in opposition to the benefits of a Free Press.

It becomes, however, necessary that we should for a moment enquire into the precise idea conveyed by the words Civil Liberty, for liberty taken in its fullest sense signified unrestrained: but Civil Liberty is a qualified phrase, and is intended to convey an idea of the right of doing all things that are not prohibited by just and necessary laws. Any laws, that is, any restraints imposed upon the actions of men, not absolutely required for the benefit of Society, are tyrannical: for the general advantage of the community is the only principle by which power should be guided on such occasions. Civil Liberty, therefore, is the

right of doing all things not prohibited by just and necessary laws: from this it appears that any unnecessary restraints upon Civil Liberty, or Civil Rights, are unjustifiable acts of power.

However plausibly infringements may be introduced by those in authority, or however beneficial their adoption may appear, or however for a time they may be successfully practiced, still it will be found that the violation of Justice produces effects that usually punish the offence and correct the abuse. Thus we have seen Tyrants become the victims of the cruelty they had framed, and introduced amongst the people they governed; we have seen Judges and Legislators perish, though the means of the very plans they had introduced for the destruction of others: We have seen warlike nations destroying the regions of the earth, carrying with them death and destruction, but even at the moment while arrogant in power and surrounded with pomp, their enemies acquired their arts and in their turn defeated and reduced to slavery their insolent oppressors. So it is, that the corrective hand of Providence still leads to justice, and although the hour may be procrastinated, yet the period for retribution will certainly arrive.

The Liberty of the Press, like our Civil Liberty in all other respects, is restricted by law, and it in the exercise of the right of publication, we violate known and established principles, we of course become amenable to the jurisdiction regularly appointed to maintain our laws. Freedom does not mean the licentious exercise of power, but rather a security against molestation in the performance of legal rights: otherwise it would produce anarchy, and would lead to the destruction of social happiness and regular Government? As all our other natural rights are restrained, so is the Press bound and limited. It would be indeed monstrous if it were permitted to attack the peace of Individuals, the safety of the State, the honor and reputation of Government, and not be held accountable for its conduct. If such was the case, the Press establishment would soon be framed into an intolerable system of tyranny.

Let us now enquire into the rights that it possesses, the power with which it is armed, and the opposition with which it is perpetually assailed. I speak of a virtuous Press, guided by a desire to promote the public good; for if it renounces virtue, and is regardless of the benefit of the social body, its acts can have little effect, and it must perish whenever it is attacked. But a virtuous Press endeavours to explain the designs of politicians and point out their regular results: it removes the mystery that envelops these transactions, and causes them to be clearly understood: it is the tongue of the people, or perhaps more properly, the voice of the nation; open to all, free to all, presenting opportunities for investigation, by attack and defence, and appealing to good sense and reason for a decision. Thus it becomes a terrible engine to pampered slaves, who dare to violate justice, but are incapable of defending their conduct in the arena of mental combat. On this account the Liberty of the Press has ever been represented to Government as dangerous: because there are in all countries men whose vicious dispositions induce them to become the sycophants of power: men whose hearts are cold to virtue but ardent in support of oppression. These reptiles are willing to sacrifice their country to their ambition, trampling upon their fellow-creatures, and careless of the misery they create, provided they can, in the event, gratify their own base desires. To such men the idea of public investigation fills their minds with horror, and shrinking back with the palpit terror of guilt and shame, they are anxious instead of refusing accusation to crush the accusers. The Press appears to them like the Angel of Truth armed with the flaming sword of Justice. Terrified at their own delinquency, they become desperate and shameless. Having waded through dirt and mire, and servility into office, they insinuate the deadly poison with which their minds are contaminated, into the ear of power. Aided by misrepresentation they gain attention, and by sacrificing to passion, and flattering vanity, they win affection.

Such is the progress of these projectors of ruin, whose guilt makes them desirous to sacrifice their enemies, but whose fears



cause them to shrink from the sight of their intended victims. Urged on by malice, yet restrained by fear, they have recourse to policy, and in the convulsions of guilt commence persecution: Lawyers, Judges, Juries, and Informations are but in motion, and they exclaim, if we cannot destroy we will ruin: if we cannot immolate the victim we will reduce him to beggary. The malignity of these intentions could only be equalled by the policy with which the plans were to be executed: for repeated attacks were sure to effect the purpose, when even victory on the part of the assailed led to ruin. Governments pay no costs, and however unjustly a prosecution may be undertaken, commenced in passion and pursued in revenge, still no costs can be recovered, and repeated success must in the event exhaust the resources of a simple individual, if the spirit of the community will not support him.

Thus the Liberty of the Press, a privilege most honorable and most dear: a privilege that has been supported by the wisdom of Sages, and the reason of Legislators, is perpetually exposed to the furious attack of power and corruption. But let it exercise its functions boldly, honorably, and justly, and although it may be oppressed for a time, it can never be destroyed until Liberty itself is banished from the earth.

MARCUS.

### The Wise Man's Vade Mecum.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

Having transcribed another extract from the Wise Man's Vade Mecum, I do myself the pleasure of transmitting it to you for publication in your JOURNAL.

I remain, Sir, Your most obedient Servant,

Gudhapore, Oct. 1822.

DEMETRICUS DRASTIC, M. D.

#### RULE XXIV.

"Keep a well stocked Farm yard, a well-plenished cellar, and issue frequent cards of invitation:

"Ven'son's a Caesar in the fiercest prey;

Turtle! an Alexander in its way:

And then, in quarrels of a slighter nature,

Mutton's a most successful mediator!"

"I own that nothing like good cheer, succeeds—

A man's a God whose hog'shead freely bleeds:

Champaigne can consecrate the damned'st evil:

A hungry Parasite adores a Devil."

Until Judge Thickness adopted the principles above inculcated, he was Nobody, but he is now an extremely popular character; generally reputed very wise, and his house is daily crowded by persons, vying with each other, who to be most useful. A friend of mine called on him the other day, and was much amused at the bustle and the lively scene which he witnessed.—There was Tom Withers preparing a cordial ball for one of the Judge's horses—Jack Whipperin, with his shirt sleeves tucked up, and armed with a knife, a pair of scissors and a hook, for the purpose of worming a litter of puppies—Sam Guzzle prepared in a similar style to caponize some cocks. Bil Button cutting out, from rabbit skins, inner soles for Mrs. Thickness's shoes, and a number of others employed in less important tasks. Several ladies were also of the party, and were engaged in little offices calculated to win the favour of the lady of the house.

After this preamble, I shall proceed to give a sketch of the Judge's life, and conduct him from comparative obscurity to his present elevated station in society.

Thomas Thickness, Esquire, is the son of Mr. Timothy Thickness, Tailor and Habit-maker, Threadneedle-street, London, and Bridget his wife, daughter of Mr. Laurence Ling, Fishmonger in the Strand. Young Thickness, after having had an opportunity of benefiting by a tolerable education, was, in his eighteenth year, bound apprentice to Mr. Samuel Shark, Attorney, who very soon discovered that his pupil's talents, wherever they might lie, were

not calculated to make him shine in the profession of the law; he therefore advised him to follow some other pursuit, to which his genius was better adapted, and offered to cancel his indenture, a tender that was joyfully accepted; and Mr. Thickness became a Gentleman at large; but having inherited from Nature, very cool passions, he kept pretty clear of those vices, to which young men of his age are but too obnoxious, particularly amidst the temptations of the Metropolis; our hero therefore, instead of forming loose connections, came to the wise resolution of endeavouring to make his fortune by matrimony, and fixed his affections on Miss Margaret McClarty, only child of Mr. Mungo McClarty, Tobaccoist, Wapping, who was reputed "a warm man." Mr. Thickness's looks and figure were certainly not calculated to captivate a lady of delicate taste, and to those who may not have seen him, a brief description of his person will perhaps be acceptable. He is tall and raw-boned, and stoops very much, he is mallet-headed, goggle-eyed, has got a nose exactly resembling a powder horn, and a complete shark mouth, he has moreover got beam-shins and hammer-heels.

Miss McClarty, the first object of his Love, was 25 years of age, thin and scraggy, and about five feet and ten inches in height, nearly four feet of which went to her legs and thighs; in short her figure very much resembled a pair of old-fashioned tongs; her eyes were small, bleared, and blinking, her nose was long and aquiline, her chin was peaked, and much turned up, her mouth was remarkably small and armed with little prong-teeth, her lips were skinny and turned inwards, so that when she spoke, or rather mumped, her nose and chin approached like a pair of nut-crackers; add to the above, she had a sallow complexion and a look of mortification, which most probably arose from celibacy protracted beyond the period of her wishes.

Having described the persons of the parties, it would be superfluous to observe that those evanescent charms which but too frequently captivate the giddy and thoughtless, were mutually waived for considerations of a more substantial nature; in fine, an union would certainly have taken place, had not the young lady's father disapproved of the match, and forbidden all future intercourse; this was a great disappointment to the *Lovers*, but especially to young Thickness, who had set his heart and soul on the connection; luckily for him, however, an accident occurred, which in some measure compensated for the loss he had sustained, and opened a new field to his ambition; he had a very pretty sister, who, about the period alluded to, had captivated the heart of a great man, but who, as an indispensable preliminary to even listening to his addresses, insisted on his making some liberal provision for her brother the enamoured youth (who had not completed his forty fifth year) at once consented, and procured for our hero a writer-ship on the Bengal Establishment.

Mr. Thickness experienced a prosperous voyage to India and, after having gone through the usual course of study at College, he was appointed assistant to the Magistrate of Pagulapore, where he is said to have shewn considerable acuteness in the decision of some intricate causes, but having ordered a prisoner to receive thirty stripes with a rattan, on suspicion that the accused had committed a murder, he was removed from the Judicial line, and appointed assistant to the Commercial Resident at Oolloopore. For many years he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, but the Resident having been obliged to make a voyage to sea for the recovery of his health, Mr. Thickness was appointed to act during his absence. It so happened that the quantity of silk required, fell far short of the produce of former years, a circumstance which the acting Resident was called upon to account for; after mature deliberation, he attributed the deficiency to laziness in the silk worms, and having often heard of the advantages to be derived from competition, he recommended that a number of spiders should be collected, and distributed among the mulberry trees, where he had no doubt but they would immediately set to work in opposition to the silk worms, and prevent future failure. This proposal met with due consideration, and the idea was pronounced original and ingenious by some wise men, but the result was deemed

at best doubtful, and the measure was therefore not adopted. The ejection of his favourite scheme affected our hero very much, and brought on a sort of melancholy, to dissipate which, a friend of his recommended reading, and lent him Rabelais' Works, in which he perused, with great attention, the history of Judge Bridlegoose, and, in consequence, became extremely desirous to return to the Judicial branch of the Service. Having good interest he found little difficulty in attaining his wishes, and he was, in a short time, appointed Register of Bandurgurh, and in little more than a year, he was nominated acting Magistrate of the Zillah—Having, by an adherence to the rules laid down by Judge Bridlegoose, and the aid of active and vigilant Native officers, given entire satisfaction to his superiors, he was at no distant period, promoted to the Bench, about three months after which, he took to wife Miss Polly Prude, respecting whose parentage, accounts vary, and are therefore not to be depended upon,—a sketch of her person and the qualities of her mind must therefore suffice.

Miss Polly Prude (now Mrs. Thickness) is short in stature and extremely fat and round; indeed, her figure seems to be almost entirely composed of circles, some of which are upon a very large scale, the upper part of her head is contracted and globular—her eyes are small; in colour exactly resembling those of a cat, and manifesting caution may suspicion, her nose is short, with a tip like a musket-ball she has got a fluke-mouth, with a pair of cheeks and a chin, forming minor parts of the circular system.

As to character, she is esteemed vastly amiable and charitable, especially by her own sex, and she has gained the reputation of never dealing in that odious ware, ycleped scandal; she is particularly cautious never to mention personal defects without due qualifications, and when she retails any report that she may have heard, of deviations from rigid prudence and circumspection, she is always heard to say that not more than *one half* of it ought to be credited, and that the subject ought rather to be pitied than censured; the only person whom she has ever been heard to speak against in direct terms, is Mrs. Nonesuch, of whom a brief description, in the way of contrast, may perhaps be allowable.

Mrs. Nonesuch is about the middle size—her figure is faultless symmetry, her gait is graceful and elegant; these, combined with a countenance, beaming with vivacity, intelligence, and independence of mind, render her an object of admiration to all but the stupid and the envious. Should any one, after this faint tribute to that lady's mental and personal charms, wish to see her exact likeness, it is to be found in volume 3d, plate 143 in the octavo edition of Lavater's Physiognomy. This lady possesses in an eminent degree the happy talent of discovering the sentiments of the human heart, even under the veil of hypocrisy, and when *whispered* in the language of dissimulation, she never withholds praise, where praise is due, but she is accused of being severe, may even satirical, merely because she expresses her opinion of knaves and fools, without putting on a sanctified face, and using the necessary qualifications, which are never omitted by the *amiable* and *benevolent*; I mean those that are esteemed so by the generality of mankind. Having given an account of these two ladies, I leave it to the sapient reader to judge of their respective merits.

Mr. and Mrs. Thickness were, for some time, after their marriage by no means popular characters, but having had sufficient sagacity to discover the cause, they did not fail to adopt the necessary measures, which, as detailed in the commencement of this paper, have gained them the *greatest of blessings*—the applause of the world.

#### PRICE OF BULLION.

Spanish Dollars, .....	Sicca Rupees	205	0	a	205	12	per 100
Dubloons, .....		30	8	a	31	8	each
Joes, or Pexas, .....		17	8	a	17	12	each
Dutch Ducats, .....		4	4	a	4	12	each
Louis D'Ors, .....		8	4	a	8	8	each

#### Supplicatory Lines to Lord Hastings.

Ere thy benignant power retires  
From India, bless'd beneath thy care,  
Oh! quench these soul unhallow'd fires  
Which Hell's own flame has kindled there,  
The stain of earth and upper air!  
Then o'er the Sea  
The Orphan's blessing and the Widow's prayer  
Shall follow thee.  
O! ne'er to man has pitying Heav'n  
A power so blest, so glorious giv'n;  
Say but the single word, and save  
Ten thousand Mothers from a flaming grave:  
And tens of thousands from the source of woe  
That ever must to Orphan'd Children flow,  
Save from the flame the Infant's place of rest  
The couch by Nature giv'n—a Mother's breast;  
O! bid the Mother live—the Babe caress her  
And sweeter still its hoping accents bless her,  
India, with tearful eye, and bended knee,  
Hastings, her Lord and Judge! prefers her plaint to thee.

#### Shipping Arrivals.

##### CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
Oct. 18	Ceneus	British	P. Butler	Pedier	Oct. 2

##### MADRAS.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
Sept. 29	George	British	Poulson	Calcutta	Sept. 1
Oct. 1	Cornelia	Catharine	British	A. Princi	Cuddalore Sept. 30

#### Shipping Departures.

##### CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destination
Oct. 19	Adrian	British	H. Horn	London
19	Bombay Merchant	British	J. Hill	Persian Gulph

##### MADRAS.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destination
Sept. 28	H. M. S. Glasgow	British	B. C. Doyle	on a Cruise
29	Bengal Merchant	British	A. Brown	Calcutta
30	Astell	British	T. W. Aldham	Calcutta
Oct. 1	H. M. Schn. Cochin	British	E. Tincombe	on a Cruise

#### Stations of Vessels in the River.

##### CALCUTTA, OCTOBER 19, 1822.

At Diamond Harbour.—H. C. S. ASTELL,—EXMOUTH, and NEPTUNE, inward-bound, remain.

Kedgerie.—FELICITAS, outward-bound, remains,—CENEUS, (brig), passed up.

New Anchorage.—H. C. Ships PRINCE REGENT, and ASIA.

The Brig CENEUS passed a large Indiamen with Troops, at anchor a little below the Floating Light Buoy with two Pilot Vessels in company, at 9 A. M. of the 16th instant.

The HASHMY arrived off Calcutta on Saturday morning.

#### Marriage.

On the 19th instant, at St. John's Cathedral, by the Reverend T. THOMSON, WILLIAM DUHAN, Esq. to Mrs. NANCY PORTER.

#### Births.

At Madras, on the 29th ultimo, the Lady of THOMAS TREED, Esq. of a Daughter.

At Madras, on the 29th ultimo, the Lady of HENRY DICKENSON, Esq. of a Son.

At Madras, on the 25th ultimo, the Lady of Lieutenant Colonel PODMORE, of a Daughter.